

WORONI

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gidget goes to batemans bay

by a fresher

Its really sort of hard to describe what its like coming to the university for the first time. So I won't even try. I really got crapped off with being told constantly to take part in things and be active and all I really wanted to do was to sit in the Union Bar and booze on for the whole week but I'm sorry my conscience got the better of me, so I decided to go to a few things just so as I'd have something to write to Mummy — sorry the old woman.

Actually me and me mate Tim (speaking of Tim jees his mother really crapped us off when she came down for parents day. The silly bitch was going thru the library and just went up to a complete bloody stranger and said "hello I'm Tim's mother" and started talking to him. Christ, Tim and I nearly shat ourselves on the spot.

Fortunately we whipped in the mens on the first floor and flogged ourselves while we were waiting. Gees the graffitti's great there. Really humourous. Tim thought there wasn't enough sex so we

left messages on all the walls for the bloody poofters promising to meet them. To return to Tim and me, um, and I - all we wanted to do was to see how many birds we could knock off in the first week. You see we had this little bet goin' with a couple of mates of ours — Rog Foley and Gavin Webster — who are doing maths at Monash, to see who could knock off the most number of birds. Jesus all the birds here are as tight as union food and we hadn't laid anything at all up till wednesday, so we sent a telegram sorry shot a wire to Rog and Gavin changing the bet to the number of grogs drunk, explaining that we were living in John's and couldn't get a bird in there, and that its far to bloody cold in Canberra to have an al-fresco stuff.

Anyway, like I was saying, I decided to piss off and see some things. I'm not doing law so I gave the law courts a miss, though Tim thought we might need to know our way round there once we'd started to make a sort of radical impression on the campus. We fanged along from the hall in Tim's beaut hotted up Bentley that his old man had given him for passing matric, and got to the Copland in time to see some bearded bugger called Webster (I made a mental note to write to Gavin and ask him if they were related). He was really great. I get really inspired by talks on visual communications, and feel a deep regret that I couldn't understand a word of what he was saying. Just to prove I was interested I asked a question at the end as to why he hadn't delivered the talk standing on his head. I decided to give the old V.C.'s talk a miss as Tim had to rip out to the Garage and put another twenty quids sorry bucks worth of petrol in the Bentley, and besides when I went to parents day I trod on him, so instead we sat in the bar for awhile and then listened to the abo talk about rights. I left — not that I've got anything personal against them, but, well if you ask me he was just a bit too militant and shit, I mean, if they want us to help them — you just don't go round insulting people like that. I know they can't help being black, but Christ do they have to make a profession out of it.

Gave the Library Address a miss and couldn't be fagged with the god botherers "the dying cult of the church" — who the hell do they think they're kidding. Fortunately the bar was still open and Tim was back so we sank a few — bloody beauty having courage on tap here makes me feel right at home.

Well the bar had closed and there wasn't much else to do. We tried to chat up a few birds but they all told us to get stuffed. Tim thought we ought to go to the thing on social responsibility in science, but as I'm not doing science I gave it a miss.

We flashed over to the Library Tour in the library (we got a bit lost trying to find it, and got there late). Tim did over all the bags in the foyer, and then we went in. Actually there was a nun coming in just behind us, and Tim and I thinking as one as usual just held both of the double

double doors open and when she got in exactly the right place, we both let go. . ZAP. Crushed nun. What a gas. We crapped ourselves laughing all the way to the side show sorry slide show. Jeeeesus,

beaut tour of the library and all we get is a few slides showing us great pictures of the library staff, and how to work some machine to get a library card punched.

Well, we gave the personally conducted tour a bit of a miss, as I didn't fancy the bird, and Tim didn't reckon you could get much of a stack amongst the stacks. So we walked to the Union and drove up to the Student Admin to get our student cards, and were handed some scrap of paper for temporary cards. Looked like a good grog on up at the chancellery for the creative arts fellows, so we walked into the hallowed halls only to be smartly evicted by a rather officious prick. Still you can't win em all, and we realised the bar was open again anyway, so back we went.

Just made the meal at Johns and then back to the bar. We were going to see ROOTED but we were too pissed and decided to go and see it later in the week. The turn was immaculate though I was a bit shat about the sting at the door. Pity there wasn't more than 20 people there, still we grogged on for a bit, and then Tim and me sorry I cracked on to these fabulous birds from Ursies. We got them really blotto, and virtually dragged them into the Bentley. But christ, by the time we'd got em back to Ursie both of the bitches had sobered up and when we tried the usual, they told us to get stuffed, so we just went back to Johns and talked about our conquests. It was a pretty short talk.

Terrible hangover next morning, but racked along to Mungo's turn. God he's a scrawny fellow. We only went because someone said it'd be good. Never heard of the guy me self sorry myself. It was really groovy hearing all the inside dope. Geez did he put the fear of god up everyone in sight. Laugh, I thought he'd die of sun stroke. To prove I was politically aware, I asked him how serious he thought Bob Santamaria's chances were at being prime minister this year. Tim thought it was a great question, and I was rather crapped off when the only answer I got was "shit". Another couple of hours in the bar and then we drove over to the copland building to see all the queers and lesos have a talk but it was all too much for Tim and there was very little action so we cleared out, and zapped up to the Rex for a few tubes. I sort of felt I ought to go to the intro-seminar on econs, but a big fight broke out between this professor and another guy, who I thought was a bit militant but I couldn't understand what it was talking about so we left. The Union turn was much better than the night before's because it was free. Geez, I've never seen so many zonked out guys and birds. Someone asked me if I smoked, and I'd taken two puffs of his smoke before I realised it was mari-juania (about which Tim's dad and the department of health telly ads had warned us). Hell, I was immediately revolted and socked the hell out of the poofter shit who gave it to me, and then threw up all over him. I was too buggered to try and race off any birds so me and Tim went to bed (take it where you get it I reckon).

When we got up at 2 the next day, we cabled Gavin and Rog letting them know how we were going, and then got so shat off with all the rest of the programme and the tight birds we fanged down the coast in the Bentley for a few grogs for a couple of days, and will make it back before the start of term.



HANGING SPACE

WHAT HAPPENED to the coming social revolution?

BILLYLIAR and the bomb. Telex message from the States tells of plans for our beloved (has it arrived yet?) F-111 to carry nuclear bombs "borrowed" from our all too concerned ally. Where are you, peace, in an election year?

NO DOUBT Tricky Dicky would like to know who spilt the beans to the National Times (see last weeks issue). Both Richard and Dad had their photo's in with some interesting copy re the Condoms ad (see Woroni first issue). No doubt the interfamily intercourse over breeky would be interesting at No. 6 Scarborough Street, Red Hill.

the new power elite in the src is all the more nefarious because of its striking similarity to creeping capitalism ie you either dont know if it exists or if it does, by its very nature, it remains hidden.

WHO CONTROLS THE RED TAPE SRC CHANCELRY COMPLEX for an in depth study see the next issue

WHO IS the new Vice Chancellor (that nobody really seems to want to talk about)?

QUOTABLE QUOTE of the week from our beloved Ursula College: 'I'm really quite naive, you know'. (Sorry, that was an in joke).

POWER POLITICS behind every successful man there is a Even the S.R.C. President ?

THANK YOU to all the thousands of people who turned up to help get out this issue of Woroni. We are hoping there will be a larger office in the new Union to help us out of the dilemma.

STUDENT involvement. Just how many undergraduate students were there playing in the Union's staff-student cricket match last Sunday ?

GOD'S WILL shall be done ! It's all confidential of course, but the rumour is that at last there are some changes occurring at John XXIII. (see 'The gospel truth', last issue.)

sorry folks, that's all.

This issue was thrown together by David Spratt, with help from Kel O'Neill, Mike Daffey, Ed Glowrey, John Madden, Jacques Guy, Bruce Tweedie, Jon Stephens, Robbie Love and our friends.

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Gay again

As an old newcomer to the ANU campus of one year's standing, I have still to overcome my original impression that this is not a university with all the expected plenitude of a tertiary institution such as I had previously encountered in Sydney and the Univ. of Wisconsin, but rather a cheerless corridor between Parliament House and the 5.15 to Sydney. It is an intentional misapprobation to cite other and even worse, foreign institutes, as a kind of Pietro della Francesca ideal of all that is sagacious and noble in a university (and particularly in the case of Syd. Uni., a sad ideal indeed) but I feel disillusioned to the extreme after my week as a participant in the events of Orientation Week, 1972.

An editorial of the year's first issue of Woroni contained the conjecture that "the orientation week experience was the closest most students were ever likely to get toward realising the capable passion of a stimulated mind". I would emphasise most in this observation as I would suppose for most that thinking, observing and passion would be no more than a perfunctory warmup in the year's marathon of buggery — more than one student gets the shaft before the year is through! However this year I would suggest that the students were not even aware where the race was being held!

Patronage of Stall Day was virtually non-existent to which we the participants, can easily attest. Where were all the freshers? ANU may have a small campus but I assume that it exceeds the ten or so people that I saw during the day. Nevertheless we gained a fine sense of brother — and sisterhood under the hot sun, of little use to an empty parade but of much value to ourselves. I don't know what seems sadder: a phalanx of so-called stalls, gaily accoutremented and manned/womanned by the dedicated and eager lay-priests of sun and sin, strangely doll-like on the perimeter of the library lawn, and fanning themselves with their own pamphlets for lack of students to show them to; or no stalls at all.

Other observations come to mind: the Union, empty and smelling like a mausoleum; the Terrace, tired and the attending acolytes, scattered and subdued. To my mind, there seemed to hand a pall of silence over the campus.

As a member of the newly arisen Gay Liberation movement in Australia, it was my interest this year during Orientation, to confront the university milieu with the tenets and passion of the movement. With our sisters in Women's Lib and our brothers and sisters in the Black Power movements (there are no blacks at ANU) we represent a powerful voice of sexual and racial militancy in the counter-cultural revolution.

With the aid of interested parties, a forum was organised on the topic "Sexist Oppression. Is Gay Liberation relevant?" and held at Copland Theatre 2.00 pm on Tuesday, 29th. There was a surprisingly large attendance of approx. two hundred people.

The first speaker, Elizabeth Reid, tutor in philosophy at ANU began with the observation that it was significant that she as a member of a particular sex should be opening the forum. It is not immediately obvious to this writer whether the significance lay in a concession to her sex out of deference to some kind of socio-sexual protocol and therefore a further example of sexist oppression, or rather in the repudiation of the system of male dominance in the sphere of competitive performance. However I fear that the

former was intended and this being the case, I am further amazed at the continuing subtlety of the manifestation of male dominance.

Elizabeth chose to deal only with the oppression of women in our present society, leaving the oppression of homosexuals to the other two speakers. Sexist oppression was defined as a conscious or unconscious discrimination by sex or sexual preference. It was her thesis that sexism is upheld by male supremacy and heterosexual chauvinism and that deviance led to rejection and ultimately, oppression. Sexism was seen to be the most pervasive ideology of our culture and this ably demonstrated by gauging the response(?) of the audience with a test. Elizabeth chose six sneer words, two of which contained overtones or elements of faint praise. Of "cissy, fairy, butch, pansy, tomboy and queen", butch and tomboy were easily recognised. It was also easy to explain that these words demonstrated a predication to the female of male characteristics.

Sexism leads to oppressors as well as the oppressed. White man if the oppressor and women, black or white are the oppressed. The white homosexual is both oppressed and the oppressor, with the black homosexual doubly and the black lesbian triply oppressed, respectively. Male dominance and supremacy are upheld in our society by the patriarchal authority in both consent and power. The patriarchy works against temperament, status and sex roles in the formation of a human personality based upon the stereotypes of 'male' and 'female' with its resultant codes of conduct, gesture and attitude to sex.

The patriarchy's chief institution is the family whose role seems to be to encourage its members to conform to the larger society. This is re-inforced by peers, schools, churches, etc. The male is the centre and symbol of the family with the woman relegated to the status of chattel. She is forced to accept the loss of name, adopt the domicile of the mate and suffer the legally upheld exchange of sex and service for her bread and board. This sexist discrimination is horrifyingly and totally supported by a judicial system in favour of the male.

Elizabeth supported the belief that at birth, sexuality is diffuse and unchanneled or in Freudian language, polymorphously perverse. Suppression of this diffuse sexuality leads to the banishment of the erotic element from all areas of life except love making (how inapt this euphemism is!). As Kate Millet says, in our society we either shake hands or fuck! Also the denial of the child's inherent dissexuality serves to form and strengthen the repelling polarity of masculine and feminine types. Genuine bisexuality is rare as it seems that it threatens both heterosexuals and homosexuals.

For the most part, women work as unpaid labour ie. housewives, de facto's, spinsters. Of the one third of all the available women who work, they almost invariably receive low pay and menial jobs. Those women who manage to pass through the accoladed portals of Academia, have hardly escaped from the bondage of their sisters. How many women MP's cabinet ministers and professors are there? At the ANU, the SGS has nine women of or beyond the status of senior lecturer or senior fellow, out of 159 staff. The Institute fares little better with 4 out of 158.

In a recession, women and long haired

men (long hair=women=inferior) are the first victims. It is perhaps significant that the people who benefit the most from a recession are barbers!

Patriarchy relies for its potency and effectiveness on a form of sexual violence. Heterosexual love shows its strongest degree or erotic arousal when a sadistic element is present. It is not incidental that rape is an index of masculinity. Women sacrifice chastity, virginity and monogamy to achieve the desired vulnerability, weakness and dependence on the male. Even her clothes leave her helpless — it is fairly difficult to run in tight dresses and high heeled shoes. She learns to fear her strength and carnality.

Liberation means more than resistance to oppression. It also involves a re-evaluation of basic human nature. Elizabeth ended in saying that "sexist oppression stifles the ability to feel, hold and embrace, take comfort in the warmth of another, whatever the sex or sexual preference."

The second speaker Lex Watson, Dept. of Government, Syd. Uni., dealt with the formalistic aspects of the oppression of homosexuals. Traditionally the poor poofters and queens have gained sympathy from so-called 'liberals' but not their acceptance. How often have we heard words like this: well, it makes me sick but I suppose they should not be legislated against! (Most commonly heard at meetings of Homosexual Law Reform societies). The whole tradition of H.L.R. is based upon a sublimated form of heterosexual oppression and therefore

homosexuals must be highly suspicious of this false do-goodism.

In the course of his talk, Lex chose to deal with H.L.R., what it entails, the Draft Criminal Code of the Australian Territories, what effects H.L.R. would have if passed and the attitude of the police. The word homosexuality doesn't make an appearance on the books of the various criminal codes in Australia, but is rather covered by euphemistic and ambiguous phrases. There exists two offenses in every State that affects homosexuals — buggery (sodomy, anal intercourse) which is a crime regardless of homosexual or heterosexual concession — and 'indecentcies' (earlobe nibbling, neck biting toe munching, fellatio or cock sucking). The later is an offense only when occurring between male homosexuals.

In the A.C.T., the N.S.W. Crime's Act of 1900 is the current relevant criminal code. In 1969, the Law Council drafted the D.C.C. which is now due for current review and seemingly, acceptance as law in the A.C.T. Lex went on to describe in detail the inadequacies of the D.C.C., the self-negating language, its obscurantism and particularly the relevance of the phrase 'against the order of nature' in terms of practical inapplicability.

Is legislation against homosexuals effective? In N.S.W. recently, there were 101 prosecutions for buggery or attempted buggery and 137 for 'indecentcies' in one year. This represents an amusingly small percentage of practicing homosexual acts from what we know of Kinsey's figures. In the Wolfenden Report of

1957 which ultimately led to the Sexual Offences Act of 1967 in Britain, ratios for the proportion of homosexual acts performed to effective prosecutions were given as being somewhere between 2500/1 to 30,000/1. It is obvious from these figures that laws, no matter how punitive, are virtually ineffective.

It has become apparent that in Britain after the S.O.A. of 1967, there has been no decrease in the degree of blackmail of homosexuals, nor public opinion, nor queer-bashing, nor police harassment. In a recent Paul Wilson poll (author of "The Sexual Dilemma"), 56% of the Australian public were in favour of liberalising laws dealing with homosexuality.

In our society, the single person is discriminated against in income tax, financing of loans, seeking accommodation or housing and it is obvious that this does not only effect homosexuals. Laws always support the patriarchal family and the while married male. Lex ended his talk with a plea for the abolishment of all legislation that discriminates against people on grounds of race, religion or sex.

Tony Crewes from Gay Liberation proposed that he should deal with the history, aims and relevance of the movement. The now famous incident in a New York bar in 1969 which precipitated the formation of G.L., represents the first time that homosexuals stood their ground on any scale. The fed-up fairies fought back with bottles, bricks, whatever was at hand. The movement soon spread to San Francisco and London and has now began in Australia.

Law reform in other countries has shown that homosexuals cannot be assimilated by the society as it now stands. A society based on the dominance of the male and the patriarchal family will never accept the homosexual. This is reflected in the fact that G.L. rose not out of the law reform societies and clubs, but rather from the counter-culture movement of the Sixties.

G.L. aims at totally new values for a new society and gives homosexuals a sense of pride and self-affirmation. The structure as exists is all oppressive — the family media, educational system work against the homosexual. He/she is inflicted by self-hatred, loathing and a feeling of perversity.

Homosexuals are now gaining a new identity and seek a revolutionary change in values. The double life she/he leads must end in order to break the monopoly of the male dominated sexual aggression. To hold hands and kiss his/her lover and to rescue his/her relationships from the tension of outlawry, is the expected right of all homosexuals. To openly challenge our oppressors, to aggressively assert our demands, this is the only effective way.

Tony discussed some of the causes of homosexual oppression. The homosexual is a revolutionary as she/he stands outside society and threatens its very existence. Being exempt from heterosexual marriage and the bearing of children, he/she is without use. Sex in the patriarchal society must be utilitarian and in this light, the homosexual is barren. From the present society she/he can only expect tolerance at best, tolerance of a master for his slave.

In the new society, total acceptance is needed with one concept of reality, one life-style. Personal consciousness must be re-ordered. Homosexuals must not pander to the ills of a sick society, by using its 'democratic' (sic) legislative or libertarian

systems as a route to reform. It is useless pleading for homosexuality by consent over the age of 21 as this discriminates against those who have as much right to sex as anyone else. Unless a new revolutionary consciousness arises amongst homosexuals, they will forever be caught up in a web of guilt and self-loathing. They must reject society as it stands. G.L. is relevant and essential to the whole counter-culture movement. We need open and frank discussion and to work toward the unknown sexual potential which society in its oppression, has withheld from us. Taboos on incest love between the same sex, old and young, ugly and beautiful must be raised. The reality principle, in Marcusean terms, aims towards replacement by the pleasure principle for the benefit of all.

Freedom for homosexuals ultimately means the freedom for heterosexuals as well.

Of the dozen questions asked of the speakers only two seemed, to me at least, to be of any interest with regards the topic. The first asked why G.L. used the language and aggressive style of the revolutionaries? Tony, in answering, felt that homosexuals had been taking shit long enough, and that the only way out from under the oppressors boot was to take positive and equally aggressive action.

The second and interesting question, asked if the male dominance system worked, why were male homosexuals discriminated against more than lesbians? One aspect needed to be considered, Elizabeth argued, was that lesbians were not inconvenienced by the law and that also elements of social naivety gave them an obvious, but albeit false, sense of freedom. Lex saw the law as accepting for all purposes, the penis as an aggressive weapon and that 'meaningful' acts could only be performed by men and between men. A member of the audience also made the point that in this society, women were thought to have no sexuality at all in the absence of men. Thus the forum ended, and for my mind at least with a sense of little accomplishment. The fresher element seemed small, second and third year students being by far in greater preponderance.

Stall Day on Wednesday, as I stated before, seemed a disappointment to all involved. G.L. set up their stall and were soon joined by Women's Lib. and Abortion L.R.S. We had strange bed fellows in the Army, the white male heterosexual sports clubs (eg. yachting, wrestling, etc.) and the S.C.A., but this I would hope is what university is all about. The only noticeable response that we as G.L.'s received all day came from a beautiful boy, stripped to the waist (he had it to show and was eager to show it), attending to one of the sports club stalls. To him, we were just "a group of bum fuckers" to be castrated, to be relegated to the lowest scale of human existence, sexless beings. There brothers and sisters, is the face of our true enemy — white, pretty, unperturbable, male/aggressive, confident and hating, ever so hating of us all.

If G.L. has come to the ANU then it passed by virtually unnoticed; but when has it ever been any different? When G.L. publically came into existence in Australia in mid-January this year, a total press ban was made only too obvious. Homosexuals at their worst, are at their most tolerated in this society — cringing for fear in their token heterosexual caves, bitching and squabbling amongst themselves. Homosexual militancy threatens the very heart and source of white/male/heterosexual/oppressive/dominance.



Beheaded ozmosis

Richard Neville
London OZ thru Alternative News Service

The flower-child that OZ urged readers to plant back in '67 has grown into Bernadine Dohrn; for Timothy Leary, happiness has become a warm gun; Charles Manson soars to the top of the pops and everyone hip is making war and loving it. Movement sophists can easily reel off the oppressive chain of events which has propelled us from dropped-out euphoric gregariousness to the contemporary gunslinging gang bang. It's a logical hop from Kent State to the trendy genocide of "to kill a policeman is a sacred act" (Leary).

But I cannot pull the trigger. Indeed, sometimes I suspect that a more appropriate target would be my fellow marksman. Such despondent scepticism in the fortunes of the Movement seems confirmed, if not articulated, in the actions of those around me. Some of my best friends are going straight — cutting hair, wearing suits, seeking respectable jobs. These are the same people who were freaking out at the first UFOs while I still lurched home from gambling clubs, who were plugged into the Pink Floyd while I breathlessly awaited the verdicts of Juke Box Jury, who were mastering chillums while I still thought Panama Red was a Hollywood bit player. Appalled at the profusion of meaningless, mediocre and repetitive pop these friends seek refuge in the music of the twenties and thirties (Jack Hylton, the Best of Ambrose and his Orchestra, Al Bowly, Hutch, The Golden Age of British Dance Bands etc) and have drastically reduced their drug intake. John Peel wanders London a pop undertaker, sickened by the preponderance of pseudo stoned 'Underground' groups who flash V signs while flattering their audiences with: "peace" and "remember Woodstock, man". Martin Sharp, responsible for much of the best 'psychedelic' artwork (in early OZes, Cream sleeves and Dylan, Donovan, Van Gogh and Legalise Pot Rally posters) now always carries an indiginous musical instrument from Zambia as an anti-pop device and spends most of his time in the front stalls of Noel Coward revivals. Such reactions are more than the result of a cultural overdose. It is surely the tough realisation that today's heads treat each other no less savagely than the grey flannel skinheads of Whitehall: only without the latter's courtesy. Anyone who disagrees with a viewpoint is a pig. Anyone who disagrees from a position of economic or intellectual strength is a superpig. Machievellian intrigues, ego explosions and power tussles have always been rife within the Underground and can often be rationalised as a sign of growth. Nowadays, however, the backstabbing is no longer metaphorical. A typical example of a contemporary dialogue occurred during the recent making of the Warner Brothers film, *Medicine Ball*. Throughout the progress of this film, the caravan of 'hippie stars' was trailed by a Cadillac of militant politicians protesting Warner Bros' cultural exploitation. At one college campus the two groups collided in open debate with the students, and discussion ended when one of the cast almost succeeded in knifing one of the protestors. An unobtrusive paragraph in this morning's Times tells of students who, when refused admission to a local dance, returned home to get their guns for a shoot out. One of them died.

It is not only the escalating instances of brutality that are so discouraging. The social style of the head scene has become so pretentious and anti-communicative. At a recent party to celebrate the demise of Nell Gwynne's historic playground, The Pheasantry, the cream of Kings Road stood around staring dumbly at each other a dank Chelsea remake of *La Dolce Vita* without even a false sense of gaiety. One couple of my acquaintance who have

now dropped out of dropping out, first discovered the hypocrisies of the head scene when they were compelled to clean up to enter Morocco. They found themselves ostracised by local longhairs. All efforts to communicate floundered because they looked straight.

One of the promises of the new lifestyle was the abolition of false criteria for judging human beings. Today, hip symbols and fashionable rituals count for more than ever. Dishonestly doubling travellers cheques earns the required A-levels, familiarity with a super group's pedigree outmatches Allen Brien's literary snobbery and a replay of last week's bad trip is flaunted like a duelling scar. Even the legitimate new freedoms are being bankrupted through criminal selfishness. Venereal disease may even be a new now status symbol, but the gonococcus germ unfortunately hasn't heard of women's lib—its effect on females is more damaging and less easy to detect. An alarming number of friendly young girls are collapsing of salpingitis, which involves a gruesome operation, because liberated men are not bothering to mention they might be harbouring the clap. Another groovy affliction, hepatitis, is carried around proudly, like a public schools boater, by people indifferent to its infectious consequences.

The next example, essentially trivial, is worth recording because its sheer banality renders it so typical of the prevailing morality. One night, on arriving at Newcastle station to catch a London train, I noticed two dishevelled, artsy laby types surrounded by British Rail authorities and policemen. The uncomfortable pair caught my eye and asked for help. They desperately sought to get to London that evening but British Rail were refusing to honour their proffered cheque. Naturally I accepted it and purchased tickets on their behalf. A few days later I realised my misjudgement when the cheque was returned. I would not have cared particularly, if only the signatory, one Anthony Rye, had since made a token, apologetic contact.

In the formative stages of the counter culture it was possible to draw inspiration from the open behaviour of Albion's children. It was tempting, if naive, to hope that with the intake of id liberating rock, lateralising dope, the emerging group tenderness, communal living style and an intuitive political radicalism... that from all this a qualitative change in the conduct of human relationships might develop. But now, as the Movement's utterings reach fever pitch, as the rhetoric becomes more frenziedly fascist, affection suffocates reason and arguments lose their conviction, one's bursts of depression become elongated into a melancholy permanence. The advertising campaign is an abounding triumph, but there is nothing inside the wrapping paper. When I think of Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin, whose spirits had been identified with the generational outburst against inhumanity, I wonder whether their apparent despair was purely personal or whether they too somehow sensed the revolution might be going sour. If the Underground press is the voice of the new movement, then it is a choir of soloists, each member singing a different tune. When I travelled through California recently, it was unnerving to be caught in the flak of exchanged animosity. The dedicated, amiable Max Scheer, founder of the Berkeley Barb, had been branded a pig by his one time employees, who were now publishing the Berkeley Tribe.

Scheer does not deny his former mistakes, but while the Movement does not forgive, it does forget — his pioneering contribution to the growth of the Alternative Press

has gained him no credit. The Barb still struggles out singlehanded against raging prejudices and destructive sorties by Womens Lib (Scheer runs sex ads).

Across the Bay is Rolling Stone. Its editor, Jann Wenner, is a tirelessly sincere exponent of rock culture and a personal friend; but the offices of his paper are as icily functional as IBM and his workers moved more by mammon than by music. Jann himself becomes at times so engrossed by the battle of being a Success, that the battle of being human is ignored. (One result being that many of his ex-staff are bitterly forming rival publishing cells.) Of minor cheer is that one of the better papers in the area, Good Times, produced collectively from a house, exists first as a commune and second as an editorial board. Although its staff identify so heavily with the role of being revolutionaries that all events are immediately programmed into a dishonest US/THEM dichotomy. e.g. Charles Manson is a hero because he sabotages the system. Lon-

don's first "Underground distributor" has just collapsed. A few hours before the liquidators arrived he ordered 8000 copies of OZ. These could never be paid for, so, even by City standards, the ethics of such a transaction are, to say the least, dubious.

But those who burn you with bad dope, jump your bail if you happen to stand surety and — when you've made your house available as a BIT crashpad—steal what little you own, do not have short hair.

Jean-Jacques Lebel has been a key figure in the evolution of the European Underground, from the staging of anti-tourist happenings in St. Tropez in '67, the storming of the Paris Odeon in May '68 and the wrecking of the Isle of Wight fences earlier this year. Recently I met him in Paris, where he was playing host to Abbie Hoffman, Phil Ochs, Jerry Rubin et al. Lebel is angrily disillusioned with opo exploitation and, from memory, he said something like this:



Mick Jagger was on television here the other night and said he was an anarchist. An anarchist? Mick Jagger is staying at the Georges Cinq Hotel. If he wants caviare, the head waiter says yes sir Mr Jagger and sends someone off to Russia. Now I love and need Mick Jagger, but he has totally lost touch with the people . . . and the people meanwhile are being conned into paying for something they shouldn't have to. We can't rely on the stars to change the system for us anymore. I used to believe Ginsberg when he said that war would end if we put Kennedy and Krushchev into the same room without any clothes on. But leaders don't identify with the people anymore, they get used to the caviar . . . The kids at the Isle of Wight were being totally controlled and manipulated by superpigs. They had to pay exorbitantly for their own music and they became completely exhausted, sleeping in the lavatories, hungry, so weary they were pissing over each other, completely fucked up . . . Those kids were worse than the jews . . . The jews at least didn't have to pay to Auschwitz . . . (Nor to be burnt to death in a French provincial dance hall.)

Lebel talked within the confines of one of the nastiest environments I have ever endured and one all too unhappily representative. The offending house belonged to Victor Herbert, who helped finance International Times, brought the Living Theatre to London, sponsored the round-house Chicago Benefit last year and so on. On top of this, he contributes to the Movement what he calls 'space', ie his enormous residence as a crashpad. Current guests include a poet who came for a weekend two years ago and won't budge, a pair of video heads, remnants from the Living Theatre and several nameless others. The atmosphere created by most of these superhip freeloaders manages to be simultaneously hostile, slovenly and as exclusive as Whites club. Membership to the inner sanctum revolves around facility with drugs and as the pleasant Victor himself is rather slow on the draw he is excluded, in spirit, from his own house. I regret to report the the presence of Abbie Hoffman, Jean-Jacques and the yippie entourage did little to improve the emanations. Like the pop stars Lebel so accurately berates, the American visitors were arcane, inaccessible, aloof . . . the tensions and awkwardness surrounding their presence must be reminiscent of a Royal Garden party; and their groupies uglier but no less protective than their pop counterparts.

I have an intense personal respect for Abbie Hoffman and consider his book, *Revolution for the Hell of It*, to be the first major literary/political document of the post-acid underground. How disappointing to discover he converses almost exclusively through his lawyer and becomes animated only at talk of possible advances for his books in Britain. Wearing no doubt by the trial and obviously exhausted by his journey it seems unfair of me to raise such niggardly considerations. However, many people have shared my disappointment, and in the context of Herbert's household, Lebel's anti-star declamations, the entrances and exits of yippie heavies drooling enthusiastically about Leary's fiftieth birthday present, a gun, lengthy endorsements of acid's ability to transform shits into (revolutionary) saints, one must, to preserve a scrap of intellectual integrity, raise doubts.

Roaming Paris—a charming subplot to all this activity—was Jim Haynes, fearsomely unimpressed at the prospect of yip meeting Mao and carrying forth his own erotic brand of revolution in a thoroughly convincing union of his public politics and private life.

The above observations are not meant to imply a wholesale rejection of the counter culture or yippie left politics. Mass hysterical confrontations with the napalmers, arms bargainers, fascists and power flunk-

eyes of every type are still vital, as are all experiments with new ways of living and caring about each other. (A message so innocuously limp in print that it makes that disgusting, simplistic and exploitive movie, *Getting Straight*, fiercely iconoclastic by comparison.) I wish merely to record a few points of reservation—a verbal safety-catch to Leary's birthday present.

Of course the new ways of living and loving might be the old ways after all. In a new book, *Keep the River on the Right*, the author, Tobias Schneebaum, recounts his solitary journey through the remote depths of Peruvian jungles. Without knowing quite why, he sets out to find the Akaramas, a reputedly ferocious tribe of cannibals. His first meeting:

"...and I came out from among a huddle of bushes to a long rocky beach, at the far end of which, against a solid wall of green, some spots of red attracted my eye. My first thought was that they must be blossoms of some kind that I had never seen before, but they were too much like solid balls, and they moved slightly, though there wasn't the slightest breeze. A few steps further on I frowned and shook my head, wondering even more what they could be and then it came over me in a shiver that these spots were faces, and they were all turned in my direction, all unmoving. Still closer, I made out a group of men, their bodies variously painted in black and red, looking tiny against the gigantic backdrop of the jungle that stretched so high above them. No one moved; no one turned his eyes away or looked anywhere but straight at me. They were frozen in place. They were squatting tightly together, chins on knees, arms on one another's shoulders, leaning over resting heads upon another's knee, or thigh, or flank. They continued to stare, moving neither a toe or an eyelash. Smiles were fixed upon their faces, mouths were closed, placid. Some had match-like sticks through their lower lips, others had bone through noses. Their feet and toes curled round stones and twigs in the same way that their hands held vertically bows and long arrows, and axes of stone tied to short pieces of bough. Long well combed bangs ran over their foreheads into the scarlet paint of their faces and hair covered the length of their backs and shoulders. Masses of necklaces of seeds and huge animal teeth and small yellow and black birds hung down from thick necks and almost touched the stones between their open thighs. . . . Still no one moved, still no one made a gesture of any kind, no gesture of hate or love, no gesture of curiosity or fear. My feet moved, my arm went out automatically and I put a hand easily upon the nearest shoulder, and I smiled. The head leaned over and briefly rested its cheek upon my hand, almost caressing it. The body got up, straightening out, and the frozen smile split open and laughter came out, giggles at first, then great bellows that echoed back against the wall of trees. He threw his arms around me, almost crushing with strength and pleasure, the laughter continuing, doubling, trebling, until I realised that all the men had got up and were laughing and embracing each other, holding their bellies as if in pain, rolling on the ground with feet kicking the air. All weapons had been left lying on stones and we were jumping up and down and my arms went around body after body, and I felt myself getting hysterical, wildly ecstatic with love for all humanity, and I returned slaps on backs and bites on hard flesh, and small as they were, I twirled some round like children and wept away the world of my past."

If that is how the Akaramas greet strangers of another race, it almost gives them a right to gobble up their enemies. We, on the other hand, blithely declare World War III on our parents and yet have already forgotten how to smile at our friends.



History in revolution

The demand for relevant course structure has led Humphrey McQueen, a senior tutor in history and the author of the controversial "A New Britannia" to create a course so structured that amongst other things it for all intents and purposes abolishes the traditional lecture and exam course and substitutes one where the students become the teachers.

Research is the essence of this undergraduate course and his third year pass students will be encouraged to tap the vast resources that Canberra offers and in McQueen's words "students will know much more about their fields of study than I would and so the course is designed so that they teach me some history."

The most interesting feature of the course is not really the form of the course but the nature and substance of field of study and the bias involved. The course run under the auspices of the history department of the School of General Studies is subtitled History IIIA — Australia 1919 to the present 1972. Unlike most conventional history courses this is an Australian studies program. Starting at World War One where "A New Britannia" left off, the course is "such that I and other revolutionaries get a better understanding as to what we and the movement for social change have to cope with, and to determine what forces in history have been responsible for the bolstering of obsolete ideas." McQueen also hopes to revolutionize his students "not through indoctrination but by providing a situation where they can discover their society's and their own potential". He argues that conventional courses fail to realize genuine potential as this comes mainly from opposition to conservative forms and forces. Pointing out the course was the only one of its type, McQueen explained that ANU was uniquely suited to, and led other universities in, the field of Australian History. The demand for his particular course had been expressed in surveys of history students in 1969-70.

"I hope to get away from the outmoded concept of the lecturer handing down the truth and believe that students should find out for themselves from the good primary research material that exists in Canberra."

A look at his seminar topics quickly reveals McQueen's research "bias". Questions like "Why did the aborigines not die out", and discussions on such assertions as "The media are not simply on the side of big business, they are big business," "The independent school system developed as a means of transmitting power, privilege and prestige", and "Sixty families own Australia." Other topics discussed over the course cover colonial revolution, immigration, arbitration, courts, Papua-New Guinea and the role of women in a liberal capitalist society.

Defending his choice of course study McQueen says they were chosen to redress the balance of conservatively oriented histories. "Bourgeois historians have deliberately adopted a static approach to their study, they have particularised and ignored looking at the total environment. My course is a study of institutions and how they reflect, impede or speed up the course of development." For McQueen and most radical historians the essence of history is change over time.

"History is a study of the development of society — the society as a whole . . . the bourgeoisie have isolated and categorized scholarship in such a way as to eliminate the study of the interaction of all social factors, environment, politics and economics. . . . my course is designed to restore history to a study of society as a whole. . . . for the bourgeoisie have used history for their own purposes as history is an embarrassment to them. . . . after all history is a study of change and means of change and as such offers a threat to them. History is a threat to all established ruling classes." Steve Padgham.

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Mark Tier

If you have come to University as a seeker of knowledge, then to a large extent you may be disappointed. There are many courses offered by this University which are misdirected, hidebound, or just plain rubbish — and I am not talking of those which may be badly constructed or mistaught. If you have come to university conceiving it as a place devoted to seeking Truth, where Reason prevails, and where Stimulation oozes from the atmosphere as readily as adrenal in flows in the blood, then you are bound to be disappointed.

The courses offered by the department of economic history are a case in point. The aim of the courses is to discover, by tracing the history of economic factors, causes and influences, the mechanics of economic growth, particularly as applied to underdeveloped economies. It has been proven, in my opinion within this university that the philosophy propounded by the department of economic history makes an understanding of economic growth impossible. A course offered in 1970 by the department of political science took the view that the major cause of economic growth and development are sociological rather than economic

In studying the industrial revolution in England, take-off is related to the population explosion at about the same time. The department of economic history does not, however, study the puritan ethic, which according to Weber was a large contributing factor, through changing social attitudes. In comparing social structures and hierarchies between different countries one can discern types which may be conducive to innovation and economic growth, and types which block innovation and economic growth. A statistical weighting analysis of various factors, sociological, economic, religious, political, et. al. concluded that economic factors alone were of minor importance in determining economic growth (W.W. Rostow notwithstanding). Yet you could spend your whole life within the department of economic history relating economic development solely to economic causes. No wonder they haven't gotten the answers yet.

It's sister department within the economics faculty, the department of economics, also tends away from reality, particularly in the unit Economics II. This unit studies "before and after" situations, without worrying about what happens inbetween.

This approach is not without some value, but unfortunately the inbetween situation, of prime importance in the real world, is given scant attention, and the student is not equipped to handle a real world problem.

In the department of psychology, we move into another area of controversy. There are a number of schools of thought within the field "psychology", and the dominant one in Australian universities is the "behavioural" school, the "dean" of which is an American, B.F. Skinner. The basic assumption of this school is that the mind of the new-born child is a relative blank, that innate responses are at a minimum, and that, in a nutshell, everything is learned. The behaviorists' argument is that humans have left evolution behind, that although they may have come from animals, their animal heritage has been evolved out of them. Interestingly enough, recent research into the structure of the human brain has discovered that it might be better to consider the brain as three organs rather than one, First the brain can be divided into two, the neo-cortical complex, or outer section, and the "limbic" system. It is in the neo-cortical complex which is capable of rational thought, symbolic thinking, language, self-awareness, and other things which set man (and to a lesser extent primates) apart from other animals.

The limbic system is seen as an ancient animal sub-brain, which can be further divided into two. The oldest and most central portion, called the reptilian brain; the brainstem and certain ganglia; around this, a second section found in all mammals, the animal brain. These two sections are highly integrated, some bundles of nerve fibers being as thick as lead pencils. But the connections between the limbic system and the neo-cortex are much more tenuous, some nerve paths so fine that they have yet to be traced. The limbic system has had millions of years to evolve,

while the neo-cortex is only hundreds of thousands of years old.

To compound the problem, the two sections of the brain talk different languages; the limbic system communicates with moods and emotions, the neo-cortex the language of rational thought. In other words, the neo-cortex speaks a language the older part of the brain does not understand! Since it would appear that each and every one of us carries our heritage around in our heads, to talk of a "blank mind at birth" is surely absurd.

We can only wonder at the faculty of asian studies. Here we have a faculty which is almost totally past-oriented, embedded, as it were, in the glories of days forever gone. This is not to deny the value of the study of past civilisations, but it seems to me that the attitude of this faculty, as manifested in the courses it offers (with the exception of some language courses) is unlikely to produce in the student an understanding of the Asia of today. Certainly, who could study China without studying Confucius? Who could study India without studying Hinduism? But the study of India offered by the department ends in 1947 — in effect, the present day! A faculty which calls itself "Asian Studies," is in fact only covering a third of the field — the past. What about the present and the future?

The faculty protested violently when Asian government and Indian History, were offered by the Faculty of Arts, feeling its preserve being encroached upon. For the large part, however, these two units cover what was virgin territory so far as this university is concerned.

These are only some of the imperfections of the courses offered by this university, and it is of course a personal view. Many of the problems can be devolved into two: the compartmentalisation of knowledge, whereby economists look for economic answers, when in fact the answer may be sociological, psychological, or at any rate, non-economic; and the question of relevance.

By relevance, I do not mean whether what you learn at university can be applied in the outside world, either in your career or in some other way, but whether what you learn at university is relevant to an understanding of the present-day. It seems to me that a university graduate should have a better understanding of the world around him, of how it works and why, than a non-graduate. But it appears that much of what is taught at universities is partially irrelevant. Unless one sets out to make a study of some specific era or past event, then surely the course of study should be directed towards the present. An understanding of the past is commendable in itself, but an understanding of the present has surely much more to commend it, a feat which seems to be highly elusive within our society. The thing about the present is that it is highly changeable: what is good today may not work tomorrow; what functioned yesterday may be irrelevant today. The past is so much easier to grasp, it is so much less contentious, but to be past-oriented is to be an ostrich with your head in the sand.

The problem of compartmentalisation of knowledge is a serious one. The world is not compartmented. It is a unity and everything is interconnected. This applies of course of human society, but humanity does not live alone any more than unemployment is due solely to lack of jobs. The fields of anthropology, ecology, biology, geography, sociology, chemistry, economics, history, linguistics, etc etc etc cannot be isolated fields of study with self-contained answers. They are subdivisions of a totality, sub-divisions which too often blind themselves to factors which are not contained within their own specialisation, thereby coming to conclusions which are at best incomplete, at worst, rubbish.

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An antiwar cartoon was to fill this space. However it was removed on the direction of Richard Refshavage, acting for the SRC executive
Ed.

The delights of Vung Tau

The main road leads from the gates of the base down to the five-ways, and on to the centre of the town commonly known as "The Flags" near the "Street of Bars", and the marketplace. The ironic thing about Vung Tau is that it's a rest and recuperation centre and the only holiday resort for Americans, Australians, Koreans, South Vietnamese and the Viet Cong alike, and where elsewhere there is plenty of action battlewise, here it is relatively quiet. King's Cross, Greenwich Village and the Harlem have nothing compared to downtown Vung Tau and yet, it is a mixture of all three. Massage parlours, barber shops which are fronts for brothels (I have never seen so many barber shops), whore bars, a blackmarket which is very open, soul brothers, Yanks, and Australians all dressed up in the hippie gear which they buy in the tailor shops; Marihuana, LSD, and the harder drugs cheap and easy to get, MP's and security police in their jeeps continually blowing their siren rushing around madly with a big grin on their faces and a baton in their hand, and ordinary soldiers armed to keep law and order; add the crime of ten major cities, and you are in downtown Vung Tau.

As soon as you leave the gates and head towards the town the Vietnamese smell comes upon you. It's hard to describe, it is so vile. It would even be hard to bottle; like crap going rotten and can't get up and walk. And there are the little nogs sitting by the side of the road in their crouch position their backsides almost in dirt, picking their nose or spitting or pissing by the side of the road. Or sitting in the back of a rubbish truck amongst the piles of rubbish and flies and stench covered in filth eagerly eating. Or sharing the back of a truck with pigs, chatting in their noisy language, smiling their stupid smile.

If a child or anyone is run over no one stops. Someone just rushes over and drags the body so that the vehicles won't make a mess. The lambro driver races his vehicle down the practically straight but bumpy, road slows down at the five-ways, swerves in and out of traffic and heads straight on for the flags. You pass the first bars. Girls are sitting. They're

doing nothing just waiting for the nightly rush. You pass the barber shops which are usually always empty because they are out of bounds, and people sitting in dingy eating-houses and on the sidewalk eating out of their rice bowls with chopsticks, still picking their noses and spitting, drinking their ba me ba (thirty-three) the national alcoholic beverage which the CSIRO tested and claimed as unfit for human consumption, past shops and stalls with Yank uniforms and insignias and raincoats, pretty rural pictures, little stands with watches and rings, peace and war signs and pretty jewelry, cigarette stalls, tailor shops run by Indians, massage parlours, and an occasional noggie roll stand, the equivalent of our chewand spew.

Get drunk — buy American booze at a dollar a can or the good old ba me ba, get high on marihuana at three dollars for twenty, and blow in Vietnamese girl's mouths at five miserable bucks (Vietnamese currency) a pop. Or a boys mouth, it depends on your taste. The story is that there is less V.D. of the mouth than in the more common place. It's called 'riding high'. And when you ride high and hold on and tickle her tonsils, while you've done your thing on marihuana, of course, it makes you wonder why she won't bite and then maybe when you're going to jam it down her throat and blow like old J.C. never could and she's going to gobble up and take it all and say "there take that you goddam noggie", then she'll wash you down, sprinkle you with powders and perfumes, rub your temples, put you at ease and get ready to Ride Low next time. And you can get in the cue at any massage parlour, or any barber shop. And you can hear the coughs one after the other in each different booth and you must surely know that the man in there has come and the whore's taking it in her stride.

"Your turn, buddy!" if you haggle over the price you hear, "You go home, you go fuck your mother, you go fuck a dog, You cheap charlie", and you see the bad temper ever for their size that these people are capable of. But the sight of money always changes that.

The Yanks have the best psychology in the world, plenty of dollars. You'll walk in and pay half as much as he just did. Sitting on the floor eating out of a rice bowl is Mama San and Papa San and the little children. You walk past with their favourite daughter into the little booth and past them again on your way out and they smile at you and everyone is happy. This must be the slogan — "Thank you kind sir for bringing so much civilisation into our poor honourable little country — that will be 500 piastre, please." In some parlours there are pictures of girls on the wall and a number under each one so that all you have to do is ask for a number. There is even a genuine massage parlour, where you can have a steam bath and a very relaxing massage. The usual massage parlours are not really concerned with massaging. Realistically, all things on earth are for sale and those who will not sell will find themselves poor!

Then there are the independent girls who have a flat which is really one room with a large bed. If you're with a mate you can get up and screw them like having a race. Any way and which ever way. And it's nothing so good as screwing as having it with marihuana. Grass relaxes you, it is not an aphrodisiac, it makes you feel calm and good, and when you let yourself go you float and float and you can go for hours.

But it makes you very hungry and in the end puts you into a deep sleep. Or you can dip your cigarettes in opium, or cocaine or heroin or even set a pace with LSD. You find a little boy in the street who will lead you the proper place, who will then give you a look at the stuff so you can be sure of getting the real stuff — fork over the money and you are on your merry way. Then you can follow another little boy, sometimes for miles until you come to a little run down shack where there again is another bed, a community bed, Mama San and Papa San sitting with the children on the floor eating out of a rice bowl, and his three sisters will line up for your inspection and approval. Then you undress in front of them, jump up on the bed with the one of your choice after handing

the money to Mama San, of course, draw a curtain-type thing for some privacy and again you're on your mad merry way. And the children will immediately have a peek. They'll smile at you pat you on the back on your way out and remind you to come again. This method is the cheapest and sometimes the most rewarding because you can get a fresh young girl who has just reached puberty, and they usually get more of a kick out of it than the older ones.

The person who happened to say, "Jesus Christ was not born in Vietnam because they could never find three wise men or a virgin", was probably correct in his supposition.

Excerpts from an article by an American Serviceman in Vietnam.



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Drafting

Australia is about to make legal history: our present government will shortly introduce into the Federal Parliament for its approval a Criminal Code for the Australian Territories which is, in important parts, unintelligible, sexist, oppressive and retrograde. Even fewer abortions will be legal; all homosexual acts will be illegal; the rape by a man of his wife will be legal (there are no provisions against rape of a man by a man or men); to take the abortion pill when it becomes available in Australia will be a crime; joint property within a marriage will legally belong to the husband; any sexual connection "against the order of nature" will be illegal. The Code bears few imprints of expertise from the field of jurisprudence, much less from those of sociology, psychology, philosophy or other relevant disciplines.

Historical Background

When the A.C.T. was created, the N.S.W. criminal law as it was in 1911 became the law for the territory, subject to such changes as might be introduced by ordinance after that date. (In the Northern Territory it was the S.A. criminal law that was adopted and in Papua and New Guinea the Queensland criminal law.) When the N.S.W. Crimes Act was introduced in 1901 no attempt was made to include within it all the criminal law. The A.C.T. law then has suffered for the past sixty years from two major drawbacks: firstly the need to look to the common law to fill in the gaps in the existing code and secondly the tardiness of the Federal departments concerned in introducing ordinances even just to keep pace with amendments in the N.S.W. law.

In 1964 Sir Garfield Barwick, the then Attorney-General, requested the Law Council of Australia to draw up a criminal code for the Australian Territories. Committees were set up in various states and a Queensland Committee co-ordinated their activities and prepared the working draft of the code. Even a cursory reading of this draft leaves the impression that it was the Queensland Committee that had most influence on both its form and content. This committee attempted in the draft to bring the complexities of the common law as altered by statute into a codification: it seems never to have raised the question of the desirability of codification and hastened to absolve itself of the need to consider any reform of the law by claiming that this was the task of the government. This draft was submitted to the Attorney-General's department in 1969 who, presumably, gave it careful consideration before tabling it without a single alteration in the Federal Parliament in 1971.

The Law and Crimes

Does the use of a criminal code in itself require any justification? Both Bentham and Mill held that the use of the criminal law is an evil which could only be justified by showing that the conduct punished was either directly harmful to individuals or their liberty or jeopardises the collective interest which members of society have in the maintenance of its organisation or defence. The same philosophy of law has been held in recent times by, amongst others, the Wolfenden Committee, the American Law Institute in its Model Penal Code and Lady Wootton who argues in *Crime and The Criminal Law* that the aim of a criminal code can only be the prevention of socially damaging actions, not retribution for past wickedness.

The Draft Criminal Code for the Australian Territories (DCC) is certainly not a child (non-viable foetus?) of this tradition as can be seen in part of its justification of the negligent homicide provision (p.24): These cases of killing are prohibited "in order to satisfy the community's conscience which requires punishment". Further, that the Law Council of Australia felt that it was not in a position to express a view on homosexuality or suicide indicates that whatever their view on the aims of a criminal law they would not accept that of the Wolfenden Committee, published 1957, namely "that the function of the criminal law ... is to preserve public order and decency, to protect the citizen from what is offensive or injurious and to provide sufficient safeguards against exploitation or corruption of others", (ch. 2, para.13) and "that there must remain a realm of private morality and immorality which is ... not the law's business" (ch. 5, para.61). This view of the scope of the criminal law is expressly repudiated in the DCC by a provision (Section 105) which makes all homosexual acts between male persons, in public or in private, criminal offences. (Penalty provisions for the DCC have yet to be drafted and it is a matter of real concern to many to see what will be decided in that area. Under the present law, whipping may be ordered for an offence of anal intercourse between men or between men and women or for bestiality.) It is also repudiated by the section on unnatural offences (section 103) which is as

ing the code of

follows:

Any person who:

- (a) has sexual connection with any person against the order of nature;
- (b) has sexual connection with an animal; or
- (c) permits a male person to have sexual connection with him or her against the order of nature, is guilty of an indictable offence.

Sexual connection has previously (Section 1 (2)) been defined as being complete upon penetration whether or not there is any emission of semen. Significantly penetration of what by what is not stated. Sect. 103 then could cover any penetration "against the order of nature". Under previous codes the wording was "carnal knowledge against the order of nature" and it was taken to refer only to anal intercourse. The change of wording in the draft code allows that many other acts may be considered a crime, in particular lesbian acts.

Codification

Any attempt to codify the law presupposes that a complete statement of the law, at least in that area, is possible and that this statement will simplify the language of the law thereby enabling the communication of what the law requires and punishes to a greater number of people. Thus a code may stand or fall by the principles of simplicity and clarity. (The prohibition in the DCC on offering any indignity to a dead human body or human remains (Section 229) is nonsense — how can one insult an inanimate object — and the pronominal ambiguity in Section 201 can hardly simplify the law for the citizen or for a jury.) But there are areas where it can be argued that codification involves certain disadvantages. Thus in the areas of moral legislation codification presents a considerable risk that the norms acceptable at the time of drafting the code will remain entrenched even when the society no longer generally accept these norms. This is of course aggravated where the norms embodied in the code are themselves outdated at the time of codification. The DCC tends either to accept the moral attitudes of the 19th century or to extend the area of prohibition beyond even the prohibitions of that period. However there are some areas where codification, if it satisfies the principles of simplicity and clarity, can have decided advantages over the complexities of the common law, e.g. criminal responsibility, attempts, parties, offences relating to property, and others.

The Proposed Code

The DCC is a mixture of innovations in the criminal law and perpetuations of much of the Queensland criminal code. It is an attempt to formulate as complete a code as possible although it contains a provision whereby the courts are permitted to look to the common law for any matters of justification or excuse not specifically set out in the code itself. The code attempts in its early sections to give a new formulation of the criminal responsibility provisions, it provides a reformed code on dishonest conduct and offences relating to property based substantially on the English Theft Act of 1969. It also attempts to make clearer the law of homicide and to give a commonsense test for attempted crimes.

The Criminal Responsibility Provisions

In all advanced legal systems liability to conviction for serious crimes is made dependent, not only on the offender having done those outward acts which the law forbids, but on his having done them in a certain frame of mind or with a certain intention. These latter are the mental elements in criminal responsibility and are broadly similar in most legal systems. But there are in the English law, and the DCC, many compromises on the matter of the relevance of a man's mind to the criminality of his deeds. Not only are there crimes of personal or individual liability where the subjective mental state of the offender is a criterion of criminal responsibility but there are crimes of what might be called objective liability, e.g. regulatory offences, where the court is enabled to impute to the accused person knowledge or an intention which he may not really have had but which an average man would have had and crimes of strict liability where neither knowledge nor negligence is required for conviction e.g. offences against public health, public safety and so on.

The DCC has set up an arbitrary division between crimes where the maximum penalty to be imposed is more than twelve months imprisonment for a first offender and those where the penalty is equal to or less than twelve months imprisonment. The former will become crimes of personal liability and the latter either of objective or strict liability. This division, they felt, was "one that would work substantial justice". Although the attempt

to reformulate these provisions is laudable, surely such a statistical concept of justice is alien to our whole Western tradition and amounts to the putting of expediency over justice.

Other Provisions

This code retains the confusion already present in other Australian codes over the lawfulness or otherwise of performing therapeutic abortion, especially for eugenic or social reasons. If a woman contracts german measles in the early stages of pregnancy a doctor will not be able to lawfully procure an abortion for this reason alone. (At present there is no law against this: about one abortion per month is performed in the Canberra Community Hospital on this ground.) Similarly a pregnancy resulting from rape or incest will not for these reasons be able to be terminated lawfully. This lack of adequate legal criteria must be a source of concern to doctors, patients and lawyers: there is no clear guidance as to what may or may not be lawful in a particular case. As a consequence there will be strong pressure on doctors to err on the side of refusing to perform abortions, even where they would be medically on firm ground in terminating a pregnancy. To prescribe or to take the abortion pill, when it becomes available, will be a crime (under section 116).

Thus under the DCC all abortions are made prima facie unlawful except those exempted by section 40 which allows an abortion for the preservation of the mother's life or for the benefit of the mother. The presence of this latter phrase may entitle an abortion in circumstances where the birth of the child may endanger the mother's life or health. Whether the courts would extend this to cases of german measles or eugenic defects, e.g. mongoloidism is questionable. It could only be on the basis of suffering likely to be caused to the mother. There is no provision in the Draft Code for euthanasia.

To repeal these sections relating to abortion (Section 40 and Section 116) would not give unlimited scope to what is sometimes emotionally called "the butchering of children" for there would still remain within the draft a section (Section 76) which protects the foetus from viability to birth (viability has been interpreted by the courts in the past to occur at 28 weeks but there is some evidence that the courts might in future take viability to occur at either 24 weeks (New York) or 20 weeks).

Section 68 of the DCC attempts to define when a child becomes a human being as follows:

A child becomes a person capable of being killed when it has completely emerged in a living state from the body of its mother whether or not

- (a) it has breathed;
- (b) it has an independent circulation; or
- (c) the navel-string is severed.

Since the foetus has its own independent circulation at six weeks, the ramifications of this law are at best obscure and at worst extremely worrying. It seems to follow that if the foetus completely emerges in a living state (as distinct from being still born) at any time after fertilisation it is thereby a person capable of being killed. Thus it leaves open the possibility that a doctor, even when performing a legal abortion, could be charged with homicide on the grounds that his conduct was a substantial cause of the death of a person capable of being killed. At Common Law if the foetus is expelled alive as a result of something done inside then the person who expelled the foetus can be charged with murder. If however the foetus is destroyed within this does not apply. This is at present the case in N.S.W. In Queensland in 1969 a non-viable foetus was destroyed after extrusion and the court ruled that it was murder. Section 68 certainly preserves the possibility of similar rulings.

There are no provisions in the DCC for infanticide. The U.K. Infanticide Act of 1938 covers a woman causing the death of her child where 'at the time of the act or omission the balance of her mind was disturbed by reason of her not having fully recovered from the effect of giving birth to the child or by reason of the effect of lactation consequent upon the birth of the child. The child to be under the age of 12 months.'

Punishment in this case is as for manslaughter, not murder.

This is surely a humane provision which acknowledges the fact that very often after the birth of a child, and for a variety of reasons, a woman's reactions and responses may be exaggerated or unpredictable. There may even be a case for arguing that a stronger provision than

the U.K. one is needed: namely, one covering not just the death of the new born child during the first twelve months but of any of her children during that period.

There is however a provision, entitled Domestic Discipline (Section 38), which legalises the use of reasonable force by some adults on a child. This surely should be removed from the criminal sphere into the realm of social welfare — if only for the protection of the child.

The section relating to agent provocateurs (Section 251) makes it clear that the drafters consider some entrapment procedures both fair and reasonable. Whether or not the defendant has been unfairly or unreasonably induced to commit the offence will be determined by the judge or magistrate. Such entrapment procedures may be justifiable in cases e.g. of treason and conspiracy but their use elsewhere and in particular against homosexuals cannot be justified.

The most controversial aspects of the code are without doubt those provisions relating to sexual conduct. (The moral stance of the drafters is perhaps best and most pointedly illustrated by their retaining the procuring of an abortion as a sexual offence.) Any code which retains such provisions is in effect accepting amongst others, Lord Devlin's account of the aims of the criminal law. This school of judicial philosophy can best be characterised by identifying the doctrine to which it is most opposed: the doctrine that J.S. Mill expressed as follows: "the only purpose for which power can rightly be exercised over any member of a civilised community against his will is to prevent harm to others". Which doctrine is echoed by the American Law Institute's Model Penal Code which speaks of "the protection to which every individual is entitled against State interference in his personal affairs when he is not hurting others". Lord Devlin conceives of the criminal law as a means to enforce on people (under or over 21) a code of sexual behaviour to govern their behaviour in private. That the conduct to be punished is held to be immoral by the accepted standards of a given society is, in the view of this school, sufficient to justify the use of the criminal law. Thus the ultimate justification of punishment is that it expresses moral condemnation for immoral activities. What Devlin and the drafters of the DCC do not seem to realise is that our society is morally a plural structure comprising a number of different and at times incompatible moralities: A criminal code concerned with the enforcing of morality, as Professor Hart has pointed out, can only justifiably be enforced within a society, marked by a very high degree of homogeneity in moral outlook and where the contents of this homogeneous social morality can be easily known. Our society hardly fits that description. Despite this the drafters of the DCC have no hesitation in proposing for us, as well as the laws relating to homosexuality and unnatural offences mentioned above, a wide range of laws relating to sexual offences which would not have been out of place in Dicken's England.

The provision on rape — that it will not be a crime to rape one's wife but only another woman — is justified by "the need to cover mistakes of law as to the status of the female because of the ease with which a man might as a matter of law be in error as to whether he has been divorced or not or has been lawfully married or not". (That is, the man need merely believe that he is not divorced or that he is legally married to be free to force his way in). This incredible claim is surpassed by the next statement which is that this exclusion principle applies only to legally married wives and not to de facto wives. That is, in this instance, the law accords to the de facto wife a dignity and individuality that it denies to the legally married wife: a man needs the consent of his de facto wife for intercourse but his legal wife he can take at will, consent or no consent. Moreover the drafters of this provision rejected the proposal that provocative conduct on the part of the female would constitute a defence to this offence. This is to encourage legal and moral irresponsibility in females.

The other remarkable things about this provision is its total insensitivity to what is quite a widespread social phenomenon: the "gang-banging" or pack rape of men by men, often by a group of heterosexual men (i.e. "straights"! Anyone reluctant to admit that this occurs would do well to see *Fortune and Men's Eyes* (now showing in Sydney), play and screenplay by John Herbert, which not only shows the pack rape of a man but in which one of the main characters (Mona) is in jail because, having been raped in the street by four men, he himself is charged without cause with enticing them to rape him!

repression

There are good grounds for arguing that there should be no special provision for rape in a code that already contains provisions relating to assault, sexual and otherwise.

The provisions on abduction and carnal knowledge (Section 101 and Section 102) are similarly Victorian. To the horror of many a young and not so young man the upper age (of the female) for abduction with or without consent will be 18 (for carnal knowledge (Section 106 and Section 107), 16). In an age where both men and women mature so much younger, these upper age limits should be lowered: to retain them as they are is again to encourage irresponsibility in women. It may be mentioned that the code does not define any minimum age below which a man is presumed incapable of carnal knowledge. To do so, it was felt, would be "inapposite"! (p.14).

The prostitution provisions, especially Section 112, are strange outdated attempts to protect some women from brothel-keepers as well as from men. But the explicit exclusion of common prostitutes and female persons of known immoral character (sic) from the provision (Section 111, (1)b) making it a crime to deceive women in order to sexually connect with them exemplifies the high handed moralism of the code. The drafters obviously consider such women deserving of whatever befalls them (A common patriarchal attitude.)

The sad thing about the archaic obscenity provision (Section 118) is that whereas it allows that it is a defence to this charge to argue that to so act is for the public benefit, any argument to the effect that to corrupt the traditional morals of our community is for the public benefit would not be allowed in court (vide the recent Wendy Bacon - Thorunka trial. This trial also made very clear how obscenity provisions in a code can be used as a means of repressing free expression.)

Incest was not legally punishable in England until 1908 and the change was brought about by a vigorous Church campaign, after an earlier bill had been rejected by the House of Lords. The incest provisions (Section 114 and Section 115) in the DCC have not been repealed; they have been widened to include step and adoptive daughters and mothers.

A Sexist Code

That the code consciously and unconsciously discriminates on the basis of sex (i.e. in the jargon, is sexist) should by now be obvious. Women and boys under 14 (and ministers of religion) are to be protected. But it is not a crime within the DCC for women to procure, abduct or know men carnally; nor are there any provisions against male prostitution. Nor is it a crime for women to use threats, deception or drugs in their effects to get men for their own sexual purposes. However only a man can have incestual carnal knowledge: a woman can merely permit it. But women (and boys under 18) can plead coercion should they so permit.

And women alone are legally permitted to steal clothes from brothels or "any premises in or upon which she is in order that any man [whether a particular man or not] may have unlawful carnal knowledge of or sexual connection with her"!

But the status (if any) of married women in the code is a much more serious matter. The legality of the rape of married women (but not *de factos*) by their husbands has already been discussed and presumably in the light of this one can at least be grateful that the main provisions of the Married Women's Property Act of 1882 have been retained. But there certainly have been no further insights into the question: under section 24 the wife's property is defined as her separate property. That is, as has been pointed out above, any joint property is still considered to belong to the husband. But more worrying perhaps is the provision (Section 21) that provides that on a charge against a married woman for any offence other than treason or murder it is a good defence to prove that the offence was committed in the presence of and under the coercion of her husband. But why should a woman be excused from responsibility for a crime just because of her sex plus marital status? In an age when women are fighting to be treated as individuals in their own right, this is an anachronism which serves, once again, to encourage legal and moral irresponsibility in women. (Further it is difficult to see why her female status should require her to prove coercion when section 9 (1) seems to hint at coercion constituting involuntary conduct). If this provision is to be retained then in this day of forceful women it is blatant discrimination against husbands not to provide a similar provision for them.

What can be done?

Short of anarchy (bags I Greenwood), God only knows what can be done about this in our enlightened democracy, but in view of the fact that it is possible that the DCC will be voted on this session; that most politicians have no idea of its provisions and that it is at least proposed that it form the basis of an Australia wide uniform criminal code the matter becomes very pressing. The only member of parliament who has shown any concern about it or knowledge of it is Kep Enderby (Labour, A.C.T.). Some valuable work is being done by the local Abortion Law Reform Association Phone 470329, Camp Ink (contact Paul Foss, R.S.C., ext 3733) and the Homosexual Law Reform Association (exts. 4316 or 2733). Ken Fry (Labour) plans to bring it to the notice of the A.C.T. Advisory Council which may attract some public attention and initiate some debate in the newspapers. If so, ensure that the debate is kept going by writing letters to the Editor. Write to the Attorney-General, Senator Greenwood. The University Bookshop will order copies of the code or these may be obtained from the Government Printer (Parliamentary Paper No 44-1969). What else can the concerned citizen do in a situation like this?

Elizabeth Reid.



HOLE ?

At secondary school critical thinking usually makes a good student, although behaviour patterns perpetrated by the school system in no way encourage this. At university a critical thinking approach still distinguishes a good student, but you can survive in the university system by behaving as you did at secondary school.

But university differs in that if you don't think critically then the chances are greater that it's your own fault. You cannot blame the system, because you can choose your own workload, and you can determine the level of intensity at which you wish to appraise subjects that interest you.

Additionally, the barrage of contradictory, conflicting issues and persons is an incentive to think that differs from high school where there is an enforced solidarity in feeling towards social acceptance which is reinforced by the whole structure of the secondary education system.

Despite this potential for individual thought, the university system, and in particular some disciplines within, unfortunately does not actively encourage such thought. Although it is difficult to generalise for all universities, disciplines such as law and engineering often do not promote the student to visualise the subject in a wider frame of reference.

Universities throughout Australia (with few exceptions) are characterised by a traditional structuring of courses, and emphasis on narrow, artificially unrelated disciplines and the learning of systemised facts. As a consequence of this system there is a tendency for students to develop merely their recapitulative powers at the expense of appreciation of general principles and the judgment of values.

This is incongruous with what must be recognised as a "Computer Age". In such an age knowledge and facts are readily obtainable from a profusion of texts and computer stored information.

But a satisfactory intellectual environment will have to be found as it rarely presents itself as a matter of course. This may mean sacrificing and initial choice of subjects and "shopping around." In a university the approach or methodology is fundamental. There is a depressing uniformity among Australian Universities. However within that uniformity there do exist pockets of diversity.

Living up to the ideal often perpetuated about universities "that they are institutions for the pursuit of knowledge for knowledge's sake" can be frustrating. If you subscribe to this ideal and refuse to surrender, it may lead you to reject Australian Universities themselves.

IN COLOUR

THE FILM OF KENNETH CLARK'S BBC TELEVISION SERIES

CIVILIZATION

on Sunday nights in first term in the
Coombs Lecture Theatre at 7.30 pm ANU

Sunday, March 26th	1 The Skin of our Teeth
Monday, April 3rd	2 The Great Thaw
(Easter weekend)	3 Romance and Reality
Sunday April 9th	4 Man - the Measure of all Things
	5 The Hero as Artist
Sunday, April 16th	6 Protest and Communication
	7 Grandeur and Obedience
Sunday, April 23rd	8 The Light of Experience
	9 The Pursuit of Happiness
Sunday, April 30th	10 The Smile of Reason
	11 The Worship of Nature
Sunday, May 7th	12 The Fallacies of Hope
	13 Heroic Materialism

No admission charge - sponsored by the Classics Department - in association with the Film Society - film lent by the National Library, Canberra.

Dr Robert McDonald

Though most have never thought of it, and unfortunately, some never will, the most difficult task that lies ahead of the student in his next few years will be to salvage what remains of his unique human individuality.

The University experience must be more than a mere prolongation of an academic education, more than a further moulding of the student to become replaceable items in the production-distribution apparatus.

For all human beings there are certain confrontations, when from out of the background of contingent, chance factors and free from the web of implied forces, the opportunity and possibility of choice emerges. Amongst the most crucial of these confrontations are those in which we are confronted by our own individuality, its many facets and its many possibilities. It has been said, and I believe quite correctly said, that the basis of all human dilemma is not that we make the wrong choice but that we fail to choose at all, that we abrogate to the collective our individual right of choice and in so doing deny our own individuality, such that action is rigidified into reaction, life into a series of roles that we play, facades behind which our alienated humanity shrinks to a shadow, a ghost that haunts us from the depth of our inner emptiness. A condition referred to clinically as depression and a condition which is rapidly on the increase.

Half of the innate potentiality with which the student entered the educational system has already been repressed or dissipated. The greater part of the other half has been shaped, moulded and made subservient to a system which is even now becoming obsolete. Already to some extent the mass media with its manufactured public opinion, its ersatz sexuality and its sensationalised violence has begun to mould instinctual energies, and the advertising arm of the production-distribution apparatus has already to some extent fashioned the secondary student into a consumer for the material and intellectual goods that the alienated labour of the older generation, which it has already ensnared on the production side, has produced. The administrative arm of the body politic has already to some extent

conditioned the students view of man's relationship to man.

In all these things the school-leaver is already untrue whether he conforms or rebels. The actions of those that rebel are as much determined by that against which they rebel as are the actions of those that conform determined by that to which they conform. So that freedom in any real sense lies outside this bipolar situation. In fact, it lies outside the social fabric of totalitarian democracy which now governs our lives. It lies within the one realm that can never be enslaved without our consent provided we remain alert and active and that is in our mind, our emotions and our human relationships. The university experience representing as it does a hiatus in on-going life, a period of over-stimulation, offers one of the few unique periods of relative freedom in which one can explore his own possibilities and the possibilities offered to him by the world around him in all areas, the intellectual, the socio-political, the sexual, etc.

If you ask yourself even now how much of your behaviour is freely determined and how much of it has already been conditioned either as action or reaction, I wonder what answers you would find. For example, if you ask yourself the question; why are you seeking a tertiary education, would the real answer be, because of social pressures, because of parental pressures, because you are seeking social status, or because it appears as a better alternative to what is available to you without it? What is your sense of identity already committed to? How many of you are entering the courses or faculty of your own choice and how many of you have already had that choice determined by the Universities Commission?

There are many more questions which you must ask yourself and to which you alone can find the answers. Man in all his humanness develops only in relationship to others and the extent of this development will depend upon the genuineness and mutuality of these relationships.

So that the possibilities over and above the academic are the real essentials of the University experience, and they are the expansion of one's consciousness totally and the unfolding of one's humanity in human interaction in all its fullness, especially within one's own age group. But one must be warned that human relationships can be turned into commodities and human individuals into objects.



The Seeds of Hope — part 2

PREPARATION FOR TRANSPLANTING

A substantial exposure to risk comes during transplanting for the Cannabis seedlings, but there are a series of steps which can be taken to minimize the danger and promote healthy adaptation.

A primary consideration is the receiving soil. It should be as similar to that used in germination and sprouting as possible. It should be fertile, neutral or slightly alkaline, loose and friable, moisture-retentive at the sub-surface levels, well-drained, spaded to a depth of at least 12", and reasonably clean of weeds and mould. A few earthworms introduced into the transplant soil would be very beneficial if they are available.

It is at this point that a number of critical differentiations occur in the plant's environment which determine in large part whether its ultimate usefulness will be for its fibre or its resin.

One of the most important determinants is the crowding which young plants experience. A general rule may be stated: for fibre, the closer together the better, and for resin the further apart the better.

Another factor bearing upon the ultimate use to which the plants are to be put is the lighting which they receive as seedlings. The sprouts should be exposed to a least eight hours of sunlight or its equivalent before and after transplanting.

TRANSPLANTING THE SEEDLING

Transfer should take place under a pale green light, and the place should not be subject to drafts or temperature variation.

If possible, the seedling should be lifted with a ball of the original soil surrounding the roots, and this placed in a hole in the prepared growing bed. When lifting the seedling, it is best if the ball of soil can be lifted without the necessity for touching the plant in any way. If the plant must be handled, it is best to grasp it lightly right near the soil level, supporting the plant's weight from above and that of the soil from below. Exposed roots and the upper stem and embryo leaves of the seedlings should not be handled.

The soil in the transplant beds should be dry enough so that when you add water after the transplant is finished, it will be absorbed rather than pooling around the roots. Adding water helps the transplanted seedling, by, in effect, bonding the ball of original soil to the new soil, and makes root penetration of the new soil much easier. A teaspoon of water at room temperature will be enough for a transplanted seedling on the first day, provided the soil is fertile and contains enough moist humus to begin with.

USE GREEN SAFELIGHT

It is really a good idea to perform the transplant under a green light of low intensity. If no green light is available, a green filter will do. The green light is the cultivator's equivalent of the photographer's darkroom red. It allows him to see well without danger to the plants, because green light is the least active part of the spectrum for photosynthetic processes in plants, and tends to shut down the major metabolic processes which, if they are active during transplant, will put a great strain on the seedling.

EFFECTS OF LIGHTING TIME

2 - 3 hours. Very poor changes for survival; radically stunted growth; very little vegetation; weakness; seeds are worthless even if produced; depth can be expected within a few weeks.

4 - 5 hours. Rapid initial growth for some plants; growth tapers off after a few weeks; large portion of seeds sterile; very little vegetation; mature height is stunted; plants are weak and pale; resin production is low; sexual character confused; leaf index low; leaf mass light; branches opposite and alternating; low female survival rate.

6 - 10 hours. Growth period lengthened, especially in artificial light; good vegetative development on most plants; sex ratios exceed 1:1 female, with 15-100% more females than males; sexual expression less confused, but flowering somewhat inhibited; seeds are viable; stem elongates and thickens; internodes spaced out; branches predominantly opposite; resin production increases.

11 - 15 hours. Height at maturity increases; flowering is delayed considerably; seeds are viable; resin production is high; stem is strong. sex ratio dips a bit; sex expression is clear; growth period may be shorter than 6-10 hours in some strains; branches usually alternate; leaf index increases.

16+ hours. Height not increased further; excellent flower and leaf mass, strong production of resin: female survivorship lowered a bit, and sex ratio appears at 1.5:1 female; seeds have slightly lowered vitality; internodes occur between 7-10" along stem; leaf index high.

A little care in drying your plants will assure that they will retain the potency and vigour which is present at the moment that they are severed from their roots.

It almost seems too elementary to point this out, but the object of drying is to remove enough moisture from the leaves so that moulds can't survive, enzymes can't go to work, and the process of organic decay, which thrives on water, cannot set in as far as the resin is concerned.

The two factors over which you will want to have some control during drying are (1) the flow of air around the drying plants, and (2) the temperature and moisture content of that air.

Moisture being removed from the plant tissues must be converted to water vapour and then pass from the interior cells of the leaf on through the skin and stomata and out into the air. The air which is to take up this water vapor should be circulating freely so that it doesn't get saturated and thus resist further uptake. If this happens, the leaves will not dry evenly and thoroughly. A second thing to watch for is that the temperature isn't too high in the drying chamber.

It is, the water vapour near the surface will boil off quickly, creating a dry gap between the surface of the leaf and the moist interior, causing the skin tissues to shrivel up and resist any further water passage. The water will then be trapped permanently in the interior of the leaf, and the resin content will deteriorate far more rapidly than if it were not exposed to moisture.

MEETINGS WITH HARRIGAN

b. e. faith

I first met Harrigan when I was a slip of a lad in Goulburn. We used to meet in a small cafe off the main highway, where Yang Su, the Chinese ex barmaid, turned cafe proprietor turned out greasy hamburgers and chips cooked in oleo. She used to slink rather inscrutably over her none-too-clean grill, and cast a disapproving eye over the general run of her customers. Sean Harrigan was a rather calm, rather laconic Irishman, originally from Dublin, I think, but seemed more concerned with the six counties later in the time I knew him. He was middle aged though I never tried to put a definite year to him — he was peculiarly dark for an Irishman, with a shock of hair which studded his forehead like a cock's comb. His eyes were a haunting green-grey. He kept very much to himself despite many efforts by the inhabitants of the Anzac cafe to worm something out of him. He always knew my name, and everyone else's come to think of it. Though, for some reason, I had difficulty in remembering his. Whenever you got stuck over an introduction, he would pipe up in a slight lilting voice "H-A-R-R-I-G-A-N spells Harrigan". Like William McMahon, you could never be quite sure that what he was saying was correct, but he always seemed to get away with it when somebody could convince him to speak. I used to amuse myself by writing on his forehead.

HARRIGAN ON WEIRDS

I first knew him in 1961, he hasn't changed either, he hasn't changed either. And I'm too poor for him to sue. You could always say he was a worse raconteur than Oscar Wilde but that would be a little unkind. He only really told one decent story, but he certainly could n't speak any Russian. Whenever Harrigan spoke, he would eventually work the conversation around to the subject of weirds.

"They tell me you're a bit of a weird Bryan" Harrigan said to me one day. "Well, take my advice now," he suggested paternally, "and give it up. It'll never get you anywhere". He wiped his brow with a frenzied hand, but the shock of hair still fell back over his eyes. "Surely to God" he persevered, "you must realise that you'll never lead a normal life". Of course, he didn't say exactly those words, for I never quite mastered the problem of transcribing Harrigan's dialect into a typewritten piece. "I never met a weird that I didn't find him as dull as a dullard". He paused intensely, bit into his, by now cold, hamburger, pulled a bit of drooping lettuce from his lips, "Take women, now, that's what you need my boy. Why is it that none of the darlin' creatures has ever been anything more than a bedmate for so long. Because they're only good as bedmates, they're built for enjoyment. Now you'll never get a man who can give you that, lad." He patted me affectionately on the knee. "Now a man who's been to bed with a woman can look himself in the mirror of a morning and say, good lord that was enjoyable."

HARRIGAN'S WEAKNESS

"They say of me," mumbled Harrigan one day, after a strangely pleasant round of Yang Su's chips. (Harrigan: used to call her Lotos Blossom). "They say of me that I have a weakness" the words spouted forth with a simple sincerity that could not be doubted by his audience. "I have all my life thrived on bottles of cola". He sat back soberly and stated emphatically that "many people have told lies about me in my time, and I'm a big enough man to let it all pass, but I will not have it said by anyone that I am a drinking man. Tis all I can do to stop meself from assaulting the rotten bastard who would utter such profanities. And me, a god fearing man too." He broke into a grin and then slipped smoothly out of the tubular steel chair, and collected our left-over plates from the laminated-topped table. "Tis enough to stir the blarney stone, and make Finian's Rainbow stand on end," he yelled from the counter. Then with a short burst of northern Ireland laughter, through which you could hear the angel's sing, he leant across the counter, called Yang Su over and whispered in a voice that could be heard throughout the cafe. "Bottle of cola all round, Lotos Blossom".

MAYALL

by Chris Welch
from Melody Maker.

John Mayall is one of the most important figures in modern British music. Yet he is strangely unknown outside the ranks of his fans and the industry.

When Mick Taylor, one of his recent guitarists, joined the Rolling Stones, national newspapers informed their readers that Mick was "An unknown guitarist from John Mayall's Jazz Band."

John does not claim to be one of the great performers in Blues. Yet his influence, power, and prestige, are enormous among his contemporaries.

He has achieved his status by long dedication to America's major contribution to music forms — the Blues, and by maintaining a policy of seeking musicians for their ability and enthusiasm.

Mayall, as a band leader, singer, organist, harmonica player, and writer, is an inspiration and catalyst. Mick Jagger has called his bands "the John Mayall school," and in five years the number of players who have achieved honours in his company, and then gone on to even greater things, is quite remarkable.

Many groups have been formed and become successful in pop and blues, directly as a result of the fame and reputation that a stint with Mayall has given their leaders.

The greatest of these was, of course, Cream. The partnership of Eric Clapton and John Mayall in 1966 was one of the most significant events of the time. It 'made' John Mayall's Bluesbreakers, as the band was called for several years, and it 'made' Clapton — the blues guitarist who was called 'God' by his fans and on whom was launched the concept of the Guitar Hero.

Eric left Mayall to join with bassist Jack Bruce, another Mayall-man, and Ginger Baker from the legendary Graham Bond Organisation, and Cream grew into the most important group to hit Britain and the US since the Beatles.

Once one begins to delve into the history of the various musicians who graduated from the School, the genealogy complicates.

But for example — one of Britain's brightest new bands is Jon Hiseman's Colosseum, an extremely heavy "jazz-rock" set-up.

Jon started out as a young jazz drummer and moved into the rock field by replacing Ginger Baker, en route to Cream, in Graham Bond's group.

He was also a close friend and musical colleague of Jack Bruce, and joined Mayall in April 1968. This resulted in the "Bare Wires" band nicknamed after the album they produced. It was also a dry run for Colosseum, later formed by Hiseman and ex-Mayall tenorist Dick Heckstall-Smith.

Another major group to spring from the school was Fleetwood Mac, the hit single scoring blues band led by guitarist Peter Green, who was originally faced with the difficult task of replacing Eric Clapton in the Mayall band.

Aynsley Dunbar's Retaliation and Keef Hartley's Band were two more drummer led groups to form directly from the reputations they had gained with Mayall.

Andy Frazer, 16 year old bassist, was able to form his own group, Free, after only two months with John Mayall.

But none of this traffic in musicians has ever held back or worked against John.

On the contrary, each new band, whether the previous men were sacked or quit voluntarily, has been greeted with even greater critical acclaim. And in the opinion of many, including myself, his latest group — sans drummer and sans conventional lead guitar — is his finest yet.

How did Mayall start off on the road to becoming the Father Figure of British Blues?

He was born in Manchester, England, in 1934, the son of a guitar playing clerk, who encouraged an early interest in music.

"I started playing when I was 13. I used to play boogie woogie on the piano. That was the first instrument I attacked. I used to hear my father's records, and the bedrock of his collection was Django Reinhardt, Eddie Lang and Lonnie Jackson. He played a swing style guitar, but he wasn't professional.

"Later I discovered the existence of Albert Ammons, Pete Johnson and Meade Lux Lewis. I used to follow John Fish of the Saints Jazz Band when I was about 16. Most trad bands in England at the time featured banjo, but John used to play great boogie piano.

"Once you start collecting records you learn more and more about Jazz blues. I never really thought about becoming a professional musician. I liked blues and I knew that at the time, people wouldn't want to listen to it. Trad bands were playing the blues, but not the type of blues I wanted to listen to.

"On guitar I first listened to things by Josh White on the old Melodisc label in 1950. Big Bill Broonzy had a record out on Vogue and another breakthrough was hearing Muddy Waters' first 78 rpm. From then on I wanted to play the blues.

"I went to Art School then I started work at 18 as a window dresser. Later I joined the Army and was posted to Korea. I played in the ship's band on the way out which helped me get off some unpleasant duties. I was on leave in Tokyo in 1953 when I bought my first guitar. I had signed on to the Army for three years, but I saw the bull that was creeping back into the Army and got out.

"I went back to Manchester and was accepted at college for a design course.

Then I worked at three advertising agencies doing typography and graphic design."

"It was in 1955 I formed my first band, called the power House Four. We didn't work too much, just college dances. I was on piano, and we had bass drums and tenor. The first regular gig was a club where we worked for a pound a night from 8 pm to 2 am.

"By 1963 the R & B thing had hit the Melody Maker and Alexis Korner was playing at the Marquee, London. I had been playing it for years and I thought I was going to be left out. I had a group in Manchester at the time with a trumpet player, and Hughie Flint on drums. I met Alexis in Manchester and I asked him if he thought it would work if I went to London and formed a band.

"He said if I didn't try it, I would spend the rest of my life wondering. I decided to form the Bluesbreakers. We had some gigs lined up including the Flamingo, London, which was then

the stronghold of Georgie Fame. We got cancelled out after the first gig! Rik Gunnell, the manager, threw us out instantly. We had Davy Graham on guitar and Alan Skidmore on tenor. Davy had a pick-up on his guitar, I was playing piano which you couldn't hear, and the bass player didn't know

any chords.

"I heard the Rolling Stones for the first time at this period and they were packing them in at Studio '51 Club — really packing them in. It was at the time of 'Come On' and I liked most of their numbers, and sat in with them.

"After getting thrown out of the Flamingo I was trying to get gigs anywhere for the first year. I managed to talk Manfred Mann into giving us the interval spot at the Marquee. At the time top groups could choose their own interval band. After 15 months it got to the stage when we were blowing them off stage. Bernie Watson was on guitar then and Peter Ward was the drummer.

"John McVie was there from the start on bass. After exactly a year we turned professional, and Bernie was on the first single "Crawling Up A Hill", with John McVie on bass and Martin Hart on drums.

"Later Bernie was replaced by Roger Dean and Hughie Flint came in on drums. This was the line up for a year. Then Clapton came in.

"I didn't know him at all. The Yardbirds had their record out, 'For Your Love' and I'd never really liked the Yardbirds too much. But I heard Eric playing with them and he was good, then I heard them again and he was too much. I'd never heard a guitar player like him. He left the Yardbirds and I found out his telephone number and asked him to have a play. So he said 'yes' and the band became Eric, John McVie and Hughie. For a period of three months Jack Bruce was with us, while John layed off.

"When Eric left there was a great drop in attendances. Before he left, the Clapton cult had grown with every club appearance — but we weren't being recorded, even though we were big in the clubs. None of our previous records had sold on Decca so we had switched to the Immediate label.

"Mike Vernon (the record producer), thought Eric should be put on record and convinced Decca it could sell to the specialist market. They took us up again, and we did the "Bluesbreakers" LP which proved to be insane — we sold 25,000 and our first album had only sold a thousand. Mike Vernon proved to be a great spiritual help to us.

"From the first day Eric joined I knew I had met someone who was genuinely interested in the blues. He was my first partner who really knew what the blues were all about. And you heard it in his playing, which was genuine.

"Eric set the standard from then on, and started a whole generation of guitarists. All those guys who came up later used to come and hear the band. Eric was the man to follow. He ruled the roost in England, although at the time Jeff Beck was the best known, and even Stevie Winwood was highly rated before Eric. When Eric was stuck in the Yardbirds he didn't have the following."

John speaks glowingly of Eric and their early years together. But how does he rate himself as an artist?

"I enjoy myself and express my feelings, and like to work with musicians who are going in the same direction. When they stop enjoying themselves, they leave overnight. There are no contracts to bind them.

"Eric got fed up with the Cream six months after they started, but when you get into the pop business thing, you can't just leave. You have to keep on like a machine. People think it's unusual for groups to break up — it should be more unusual that they stick together. It's all a managers' money machine. I've never bothered about the pop business as such. My bands are founded on blues, and change.

"The only time people questioned it was when Eric left. But Peter Green proved it could be done again. When

Dick Heckstall-Smith joined on tenor, there was more upset. There were cries from the fans: 'He's a jazzman — he can't play blues.' But each member of the band who has left, has gone on to play different facets of the music, and none has sounded like the other.

"But as regards my own playing, it's very difficult to make a self-evaluation."

John is extremely independent and demonstrated his characteristics at an early age with the episode of the tree house.

This was an exploit that earned him national newspaper attention when he was 13 years old. He quit his parents to live in a tree house at the bottom of his garden.

He is rather reticent on the subject today and says: "I'd rather let sleeping dogs lie."

But says John: "I suppose the only relevance it has today, is that it showed a streak of independence and freedom. I did it purely and simply because I wanted my own place, rather than live with my family. This all dates back to 1948, and I carried on having tree houses until I was about 22. I had so many and they got bigger and bigger! Some were really spacious with running water and electricity. I had a record player and bunk bed."

With the days of timber dwelling in the past, John is today planning to live more and more in America.

"I've bought a place in Los Angeles and I intend to make California my base of operations, spending about seven months of the year there. I'll do specific tours of England and the rest of Europe. There are such a lot of countries that must be covered — Japan and Australia. And there are periods I must keep specifically for recording."

What are John's current ambitions?

"The next project is forming my own record label — 'Crusade'. It will feature entirely Negro artists, and it will be specifically for people who are not big names, but ought to be."

"I feel that many of the big names who started the blues are not really contemporary anymore. There are a lot of younger Negro artists in America who have to work against impossible odds. It could take them ten years to get recorded and recognised. I want to do it before it's too late. I want to give the younger players a break.

"The older players are still talking about scenes they cooked up 15 years ago. Blues is experience from life and simple truths, and what the hell are they singing about that has relevance to today?

"White blues is a comparatively new phenomena, and today its not the ages old question of "Can white men sing the blues?". It's getting a feeling for communication."

Arguments will continue to rage whether young English musicians have really contributed anything to the music — an essentially American Negro music.

But it cannot be denied that men like remarkable Mr Mayall have maintained a culture that could easily have died — the victim of ignorance and indifference.

In his own country he has gone through periods of being rejected — even disliked. Yet the standard of his music has risen constantly and his influence grown to huge proportions. And the John Mayall saga hasn't finished yet — as Duke Ellington once said (admittedly about himself): "He's got a lot more!"



JOHN MAYALL

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March 10 "China is Near"
 March 17 Godard's "Masculin-Geminin"
 March 24 "Far from Vietnam"
 April 7 "Praise Marx and Pass the Ammunition"
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letters

Dear Sir,

Re your issue of the 29th inst., I was appalled by the photo of the dried apricots in the bottle on your back page. Still it all seemed a good cause, so me and me bird went up town to the health food store and bought a pound of dried apricots. Please send removal instructions.

Yours expectantly,
 Macrobiotic of Ursies.

Dear Editor,

I havent read the recent ANU student newspaper WORONI, as I havent been able to get hold of a copy, but I have been amused by a previous issue. However, in the Canberra Sunday Post for February 27th, I did read the advertisement concerning contraception.

I am sorry you have to break the law in this Territory and in all states of Australia except South Australia, in order to advertise any or all forms of contraception. I only hope that your action in so doing will bring about a change in the present pharmacy ordinances, which in this regard are obsolete. Contraceptives should be fully advertised to all sections of the community, and visibly available in all chemist's shops. The services of the Family Planning Clinic, which as you know, is run every Friday night from 7 pm to 9 pm at the Baby Health Centre (very appropriate place, too) in Alinga Street, Civic, should be fully and legally advertised throughout Canberra. How about a slogan like 'Come late night shopping for your contraceptives at the Baby Health Centre'?

If all of us could be educated to use contraception we wouldnt need abortions in our society, would we, as every pregnancy would be a planned and welcome event?

Yours sincerely,
 June Garfit-Mottram (Mrs)



review

Review: 'We took their orders and are dead' - An Anti-war anthology edited by Shirley Cass, Ros Cheney, David Malouf and Michael Wilding.

The problem with this book is that it lacks any easily defined total effect. If it is an anti-war anthology designed to make us pacifists, then the effect of poems such as Richard Tippings 'Vietnam: July 1968' (dedicated to the oppressed throughout the world in their struggle against Capitalist America and all it represents) at least tacitly exhorts the violent resistance to Capitalist America - WE HAVE BEEN SOLD OUT DEAR PEOPLE.

If the book is designed to evoke a general mood of sympathy for an Anti-war campaign, then it appears at a time when the Moratorium impetus has been dissipated and the impetus for the next mobilization has not yet gathered, - that is to say, too late for one, too soon for the other.

The book contains a collection of poetry fiction, and non fictional prose by Australian writers, young and old, renowned and not so renowned, politically committed and politically indefinite. The diversity of the book prohibits any attempt to find a unity of purpose or ideas or commitment in it. The kinds of experiences described are as varied as a straight description of the Melbourne Moratorium by David Martin, the death of an American officer at the hands of

the Viet Cong, by Hugh Atkinson, the Souring of a young boy's delight in war games, by Judah Wuten. The poems express all moods, anger, confusion sadness and so on. The only unifying factor one can say the book has with any definiteness is that its sentiment is anti-war, - and this can be gleaned from the book's sub-title on the front cover - 'An Anti-War Anthology'. The multiplicity of the moods, feelings, and experiences that are found within the book serve not to articulate better the reader's objection to war, but rather to confuse him. One reason for this could be that many of the pieces are the response to the Anti-war Movement itself, rather than to the experiences undergone in a particular war. Poems such as Brian Medlin's 'Letter to America' about L.B.J.'s visit to Australia, or Tim Thorne's 'Pose Americana', are typical of this.

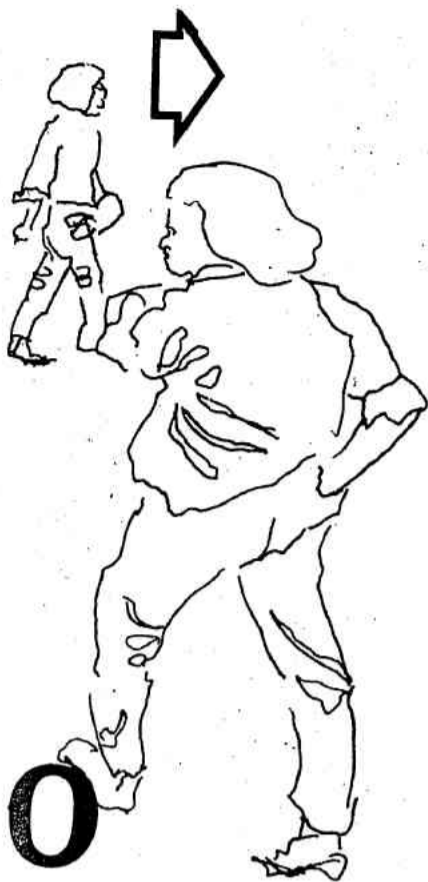
I don't think the book as a whole provides a coherent and cohesive articulation of anything in particular, whether it be war and the pacifist response to war, or of the anti-war movement that has grown up in response to Vietnam. What I am thus saying is that the individual items don't have a cumulative effect, but rather a clashing effect. This is not to say that individual items are not good in themselves, and on this vain the book maybe of some value.

Alan Gould.

Hospital beds in Victoria and NSW now cost \$15 per day. To walk into a Doctor's surgery could cost you \$3.80. Can you afford it?

The AUS Friendly Society was established by the Australian Union of Students to provide hospital and medical insurance for students at cheaper rates than charged in the outside community. The Hospital and Medical Benefits Fund provides FULL cover for two-thirds the normal cost.

To join, inquire at the SRC Office.



a bit of footy

The ANU Rugby Union Club has commenced its training for the 1972 season. Practices are held on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 5.15 pm on the North Oval and the Club is anxious to welcome any members of the University — undergrads, postgrads & staff, both academic & non-academic — who enjoy the game. Even if you haven't played this game before, we will happily show you how to acquire the disease. And if you have played before but are showing signs of age, you are still welcome; there are many jobs to be done which will make you a part of the Club. Just turn up and introduce yourself.

The Club has entered a team in each of the four grades of the ACT competition, and two teams in a new competition at a level which in other cities would be called "sub-district". Following improving performances by all sides in 1971, we expect to make a real impact this year.

SPORTS COUNCIL ELECTIONS

Will be held on WEDNESDAY 15, THURSDAY 16, FRIDAY 17 MARCH.

Nominations for the position of President, Vice President, Treasurer and six Council members will close at 5.00 pm Thursday, March 9th.

Voting will be conducted in the Union and Halls and Colleges.

Further information and electoral regulations are available from the Sports Union Office.

Neil Gray
Returning Officer

NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Sports Union A.G.M. will be held on Monday, 27th March commencing at 8.00 pm in the main Physics Lecture Theatre.

All Sports Union members are invited to attend.

Agenda

- 1 Formal Business
 - 2 Business arising from minutes
 - 3 Presentation of Annual Reports
 - 4 Declaration of Election
 - 5 General Business
- Consideration of election of C.A. Alexander to Honorary Life Membership.

Neil Gray
Executive Secretary

A group of 28 past and present club players is about to return from a football tour of the world which began in late January. Matches were arranged in Fiji, USA, Canada and the UK and while the results of the matches are known now, it seems best to await the whole story and tell it in a later issue of Woroni. Advanced reports indicate that descriptions of the games played may stir the rugby addicts, and that other aspects of the trip may stir a lot of other people.

Keep watching for further news, but come to training now.

.....and a bit of squash

Competition

The ACTSRA will conduct two competitions this year, each of 14 weeks' duration, plus three weeks for finals. The first competition started on 27th February and we have teams in Men's A (two), B1, C1, C5, D2, E4 and E6 Grades and in Ladies' B3, C2 (two) and D4 Grades.

Club Practice

Club practice is held each Sunday afternoon at 3.00 pm at the National Centre, Lyneham. Intending social or competition players are always welcome.

Membership

Membership of the ANU Squash Club is open only to members of the Sports Union.

Intersarsity

Any member interested in playing in an ANU I/V squash team this year should contact Michael Ronai (730415). This year I/V will be in Perth. Fares will be subsidised.

Squash Gear

Contact Michael Ronai if you wish to purchase squash racquets, tennis racquets or squash clothing at discount prices.

Campus Courts

It is now expected that we will have courts on the campus by early 1973.

Annual General Meeting

The Annual General Meeting of the ANU Squash Club will be held at 5 pm on Tuesday, 7th March, 1972 in the Meetings Room of the Union Building.



as weasels ripped my flesh

A weekly publication by the SRC Publicity Officer, Michael Marks is back with us again this year. (Shit!!!!!!)

At the moment it is the only WEEKLY way of publicising any club or society activities on the uni campus. It will next Monday and will be distributed in the same manner as last year (to all colleges, halls, libraries each Monday)

But for its continued successful publication it needs *your* support. If you want to advertise any activity you can do one of two things:

- 1) come to the SRC office and place your dates in the Bullsheet diary by Monday 10.00 of that week. (Bullsheets are printed on Monday afternoon).
- 2) see or send information to Michael Marks

Strip in idiot's photo here

c/- SRC Office by internal mail.
This includes any advance dates.

REMBER (sic) BULLSHIT IS THE ONLY WAY OF WEEKLY PUBLICISING ALL STUDENT ACTIVITIES AT UNE (sic, he means ANU) - SO LETS KEEP EVERYONE INFORMED..



CHUCKER'S CORNER

with Uncle Chuck

Hello again Chuckers,
Well its nice to see you again after such a long break. I hope you have all been keeping yourself busy during Orientation Week, and those who have freaked out don't get a bonus point and have spoiled their chances for a puce star.....

How many of you went on a trip during the holidays. I'd really like to hear from you on this. Before we go on with the column, I'd like to let you see a riddle that was sent in by little Colin Plowman aged (?) of Chancelry. And here is Colin's joke. "In New York the traffic is so heavy that the pedestrians get a cross. The Jewish get a star of david". Congrats. Colin, you get the David Spratt Prize for Originality.

We have just been sent a beautiful Labrador female dog by the name of Sophie, and our competition for next week is to give Sophie a name.

And now for our letter of the week.

Bisexual of Burton writes:
Dear Uncle Chuck,
I have suddenly fallen madly in love with the Housekeeper and a beautiful boy fresher. Both of them turn me on completely, and until I had seen SUMMER OF 42, I hadn't realized what french letters were used for. I love them both greatly and would like to marry them both (I have had a christian upbringing). Life for me is hell. I can hardly eat the Hall food for having indigestion (because they are always sitting too close to me). What am I to do.

Dear Bi-Sexual,
Just grin and bear it (if you know what I mean). I mean life in halls is dull enough without having to make a choice. I suggest you follow your natural inclination and well (I mean if you have seen SUMMER OF 42 you'll know what to do). If still in doubt I suggest you join a new adjunct to our little club which I have called Bi-sexuals Anonymous. Perhaps this will help you. Further information may be obtained from me c/- WORON1.

N.B. special note from Uncle Chuck,

others interested in joining this club are advised to contact me, as soon as possible, enclosing stamped self addressed pair of jeans. If we have sufficient members we will have an expedition to the gnus in the zoo. Remember, no gnus is good gnus. All enquiries will be treated absolutely confidentially, and Uncle Chuck will be happy to meet all individuals.

And now we come to this week's special prize for the best 'suggest a competition' entry. The prize goes to Billy McMahon (mental age 3) of Deakin, and Billy's competition (by the way congratulations Billy, your badge of office will reach you shortly, but not for long) is to see who can send in the best method of creating a rural recession in 1500 words or less. The prize will be one bag of liquorice allsorts, and a roll of fairy floss left over from the Canberra Show (with a special thanks to Moira without whom it would not be possible).

Those of you who rushed down town on last Monday to buy something, will have realised that the shops were closed. You get the John Rose award for Awareness. Those of you who didn't get the Richard Refshauge award for dumbdumb of the year. (P.S. this isn't a political column, we just print the truth). Anyone wanting to retire from the Vice Chancellorship gets the Arthur Calwell Award of the year.

ALL WOGS AND WOPS BEGIN AT CALAIS .. says Auntie Crap.

Remember the special demonstration outside the Aboriginal Embassy to protest Cruelty to Caucasians. Toot your horn, or if female, toot your, would you believe, tooter.

Well that all for this week chuckers. Don't forget to write to Uncle Chuck with your comp. entries and ideas etc. Goodbye till next week.

Uncle Chuck.



PIFFLE PAGE

With Auntie Crap

Greetings darlings!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
How absolutely divine to have you all back with us again. The place has been so dull since you all left and the social scene has left something to be desired. However, Christmas was certainly an interesting time, when all our family came to join us for the festive season. Christmas was rather overcast here, but Uncle Chuck lit the blazing yule log and we had a wonderful hot Christmas lunch and then swirled off for a divine round visiting all our friends. Unfortunately most of them had flocked to the coast, but Uncle Chuck still managed to booze himself under the table. We all laughed, and our daughter kindly offered to drive us all home in their mini bus.

Managed to crash a good turn up in the Chancelry the other day to farewell lovely Arthur Boyd and welcome the new creative arts fellow Don Banks. Such a nice fellow I thought. Quite a lot of admin heavies there, dressed immaculately in their grey suits, white shirts and old school ties. Thought I caught a flash of colour on the other side of the lovely Mills Room but turned out to be sunlight. Its such a nice room, with that absolutely gorgeous picture of HM. She does come up well in oils.

Thought I'd do a quick tour of the Halls to see what the social life was up there. Hardly spotted more than one or two names off the social register. Seems the sons and daughters of the great haven't made it in great numbers this year. Such a pity. Especially as its getting so hard to get into THE universities, Melbourne and Sydney, and would have thought it likely that just bundles of the divine creatures would make it here.

Loved Parents Day - very interesting speeches - however I did think some of the students spoiled it. Fancy putting them amongst the parents at lunch. It was all I could do to avoid speaking to the one at our table. Saw some lovely outfits, with kafkatans being the order of the day. Uncle Chuck was quite horrified when a gay old swinger of 90 arrived wearing the same body shirt as Uncle Chuck.

Thought some of the makeup clashed with the meal. But that's progress for you. A quick estimate placed the total value of the parents present at about \$5 million. Wish I had a collection box with me.

Understand Mike Gore entertained the freshers to a talk on Hall rules. No more news about that I'm afraid, as I was too busy waiting for something to happen at Bruce. Spotted John Short complete with monocle and Elizabethan goblet and the small informal gettogether. Would be interested to know how the new mixed bathing is going down at Ursies.

Thought it was just lovely to have those two really wonderfully talented people Rodney Hall and George Dreyfus back for Orientation Week. Thoroughly loved their lunchtime concert in the Union. It really is pleasant drinking and smoking away in the union bar to chamber music and poetry, and George is so witty, both verbally and musically. I thought it was screamingly funny when his music blew away. Loved the way the glass cleaner machine added an electronic addition to the music. A brilliant happening when some terribly creative fellow sneezed, at just the right place in the lovely little Haydn piece they were doing

Think the program for this week has been most exhilarating. Was disappointed when I toddled along to the Union. Latin American night. There I was dressed to kill in my beautiful Bolivian outfit, and my superb Carmen Miranda hat which Uncle Chuck and I had run up after a day's visit to the greengrocer, and not a rhumba mumba or conga line in sight.

Well must close now dears. Uncle Chuck, poor pettikins, is calling for his milo. Look would find it absolutely divine to hear little snippets of gossip from you - you know who's who at what, and who's well you know with whom.

Love and kissiepegs,
Auntie Crap